# HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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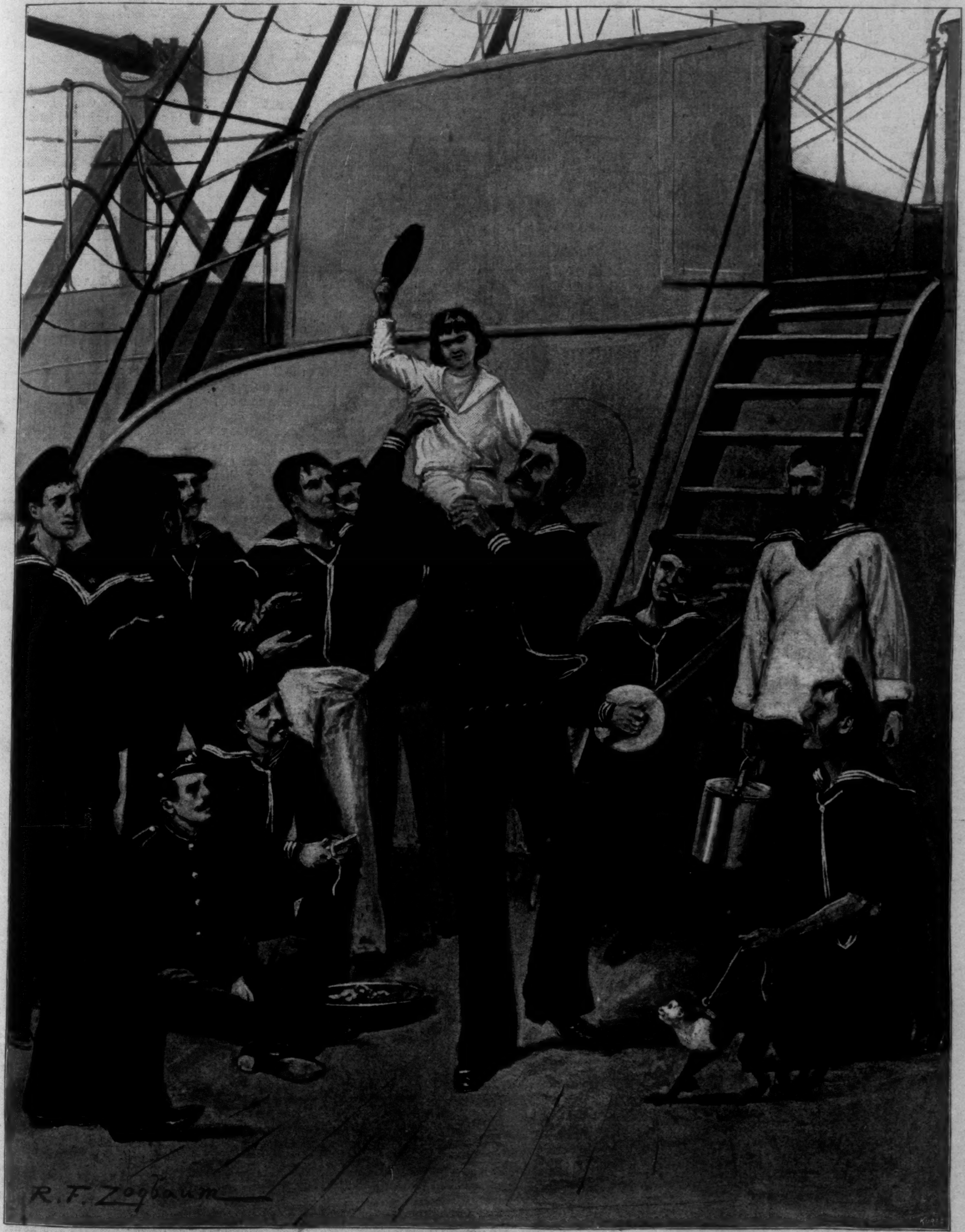


THE CAPTAIN'S "KID."—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 1126.]

# HARPER'S WEEKLY,

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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TAXATION—ITS INCIDENCE AND REFORM,

BY SIDNEY WEBSTER.

## THE POLICY OF JUSTICE.

THERE are two things which never ought to be the football of party politics: one is the judiciary, and the other is the foreign policy of the government. As to the judiciary the people of New York have recently administered to the party bosses a most wholesome lesson. It would be a great blessing if the demagogues could be taught a similar lesson with regard to our foreign policy. The frantic partisan outcries we hear at present against the attitude of the administration concerning the Hawaiian business are a disgrace to a civilized community. There are certain moral precepts which apply to nations just as well as to individuals. A person not recognizing the binding force of the commandment "Thou shalt not steal," or denying that it is wrong to keep stolen goods, would certainly not be tolerated among gentlemen. If he carried his theories into practice, he would be locked up in a penitentiary. It is true, a nation doing the same thing cannot be so easily brought to justice as an individual. But it will, by doing the same thing, just as surely forfeit its character as a gentleman among nations, and the more powerful it is and the less liable to be punished for a misdeed, the more will it disgrace itself if in its actions it is not controlled by a scrupulous sense of justice and honor.

We all remember the effort made by President HARRISON to precipitate Hawaii into the Union by a "snap" proceeding. Every American citizen who has the good name of his country at heart will be thankful to a benignant fate for frustrating that trick, when he reads Secretary GRESHAM'S report setting forth what the so-called revolution and the annexation movement in Hawaii really amounted to. It is a very plain tale: On January 14, 1893, the Queen of Hawaii announced her intention to proclaim a new constitution; but her ministers and others objected, and she promptly yielded to them. In the afternoon of the same day a so-called committee of safety of thirteen members—mostly aliens, five Americans among them—was formed, ostensibly for the maintenance of the public peace. The following day this committee resolved that "a provisional government be created, to exist until terms of union with the United States of America shall have been negotiated and agreed upon." At a mass-meeting composed largely of aliens, held on the same day, the Queen was condemned and denounced, and the acts of the committee approved. The same afternoon the committee asked the American minister, JOHN L. STEVENS, for assistance, as they "*were unable to protect themselves without aid*, and *therefore* hoped for the protection of the United States forces." Minister STEVENS caused the captain of the United States man-of-war *Boston* to land a force of troops. These troops, with two Gatling-guns, were so located as to command the government building and the Queen's palace. The Hawaiian authorities protested, and declared that they were fully able to protect all American interests, but without avail. The committee entered the unguarded government building, and one of them, an American citizen, read a proclamation declaring that the existing government was overthrown, and a provisional government put in its place, to exist until the annexation of Hawaii to the United States should have been effected. Mr. STEVENS, the American minister, at once recognized the provisional government as the *de facto* government of Hawaii. The Queen then formally protested against the usurping acts of the provisional government, and declared that, to avoid bloodshed, she gave way "*to the superior force of the United States of America*, whose minister had caused troops to be landed," and that she yielded her authority "until such time as the government of the United States shall, upon the facts being presented to it, undo the action of its representative." The provisional government then hurried its agents to Washington to present Hawaii to the United States, deeming it, of course, unadvisable to submit the matter for approval to a vote of the Hawaiian people.

The facts, then, in a few words, are these: A band of conspirators, many of them aliens, who had evidently long plotted for the annexation of Hawaii to the United States, seized upon an occasion they thought propitious to get possession of the government. They could, according to their own admission, not have succeeded without the aid of the armed forces of the United States, which they requested for their own protection, and which was promptly furnished by the American minister. There was really no popular movement of any strength against the Queen, but she yielded to the forces of the United States, and then solemnly submitted her claim for justice to this republic, expecting it to undo the wrong done her by its agent and its armed forces. Thereupon the conspirators, who had stolen from her the government of Hawaii with the aid of American bayonets, made haste to present the stolen goods to the United States for speedy acceptance. This is the case in a nutshell. Now we ask any fair-minded man what is the duty of our government, as an honest government, under such circumstances? Accept the stolen goods, and stow them away as our property? Do this, knowing that the Hawaiian people have never been consulted about the matter, and that, as there are the best reasons for believing, they are strenuously opposed to it? And try to justify so shamelessly dishonest and so utterly unrepublican an act on the ground that the Queen of Hawaii is only a monarch, and that with the treatment of monarchs the moral law has no concern? This is what the demagogues denouncing the administration insist that our government should do. What patriotic American will wish to see his country placed in so humiliating an attitude?

Whoever considers it the business of our national government to maintain the honor of the republic will admit that the duty of the administration in this case is as clear as sunlight. If the overthrow of the government of a friendly state was effected by the unwarranted intervention of an armed force of this republic for the purpose of bringing about the annexation of that country to the United States—which is by indisputable evidence proved to have been the case—then we are not only precluded from annexing the country so offered, but, as a decent people, we are in honor bound to undo the wrong that has been done, and to that end to restore the *status quo ante* as far as we can under the law of nations. Any failure to do so will stamp this nation as a faithless, disreputable concern.

There is much high-sounding talk by the demagogues about the power and influence in the affairs of the world which would come to the United States by the possession of the Hawaiian Islands, no matter how acquired. No man, unless he belongs to that class which values more highly a success won by crooked means than one honestly achieved, will fail to see that far greater and far nobler power and influence will be won by the policy of justice than by a policy of fraud and force. There is no reasonable commercial advantage the government of Hawaii will not be glad to grant to a power which has treated it so honorably, and such advantages we shall have unburdened by any political responsibility. We shall occupy a much higher position than ever before in the estimation of mankind, and wield a much more powerful authority in the councils of nations. The demagogues talk of Great Britain standing ready to grasp at the Hawaiian prize we relinquish. But we tell them there is no power on earth, be it ever so greedy, that will dare to take an unfair advantage of our policy of justice for its own benefit, and our veto will be more conclusive than ever to stop proceedings injurious to our interests. The demagogues raised a mad outcry about "hauling down the American flag" when President CLEVELAND first caused it to be removed from the Hawaiian state-house, where it had no right to be. But it was the flag of the pirate that was hauled down; it is the true American flag, the flag of honesty, justice, and good-will to all men, that has now been hoisted by the administration. The country owes a debt of profound gratitude to Secretary GRESHAM for having courageously told the truth, and to President CLEVELAND for pursuing the path of rectitude in our dealings with the world abroad. The American government has never stood in a prouder position before mankind.

## THE OPPORTUNITY FOR REORGANIZATION.

THE honest Democrats of New York have a great opportunity. The victory of the 7th of November was their victory, as it was the victory of every one, no matter what his belief and principles concerning national issues, who voted against the bosses and their ways. Directly it was a victory over the Democratic machine; indirectly it was a victory also over the Republican machine. It was an uprising of the people against political vice, which is usually non-partisan, against the men who have deprived the people of the control of their own political organizations, and have made themselves autocrats over the very fountains and sources of political power.

This is a strange thing to say of a republic whose citizens have just shown such tremendous and unconquerable energy in a battle for their rights, and against the decrees of the bosses; and yet it is true, and especially true of the Democratic machine of this State. For several years the Democratic voters of New York have had nothing to say as to who should be their candidates. The Republican machine is nearly as bad, but its tyranny is not so wide-spreading, so minute in its control of details, and not so dangerous to the commonwealth as that of the Democratic machine. It is controlled by men whose forces are scattered, while the Democratic State machine has for its foundation a combination of the bosses of great cities. CROKER of New York, MURPHY of Troy, SHEEHAN of Buffalo, with DAVID B. HILL as an informing spirit, and as the inventor and inspirer of methods of political brigandage, are the men who have built the Democratic machine, and have been able to defy or corrupt whatever of honesty there was among the rural Democracy. They and their hungry hordes of plunderers sallied forth and fattened upon the fair places of the State which they seized. They have sold the government to the highest bidder, and they have exercised its functions not for the good of the State, or even of their cities, but for the increase of their loot and the strengthening of their hands.

The foundations of the machine as it exists to-day were laid in 1888, when the CLEVELAND Democrats, confiding as they probably never will be again, turned over the State Committee to DAVID B. HILL because he was the candidate for Governor. It was argued that the State campaign should be under the management of the State Committee, and that Mr. CLEVELAND'S campaign was national, and therefore naturally in charge of the National Committee. This surrender of the CLEVELAND Democrats, and the subsequent surrender of the President and the anti-snappers, have brought upon the State and upon the Democratic party a succession of evils. The political history of New York for the last five years is a long and dismal chapter of disgrace, culminating with the stealing of the State Senate by ISAAC H. MAYNARD at the command of his master, DAVID B. HILL. The people of Brooklyn are crying out in righteous anger against MCKANE of Gravesend; but MCKANE is only a little CROKER, a little MURPHY, a little SHEEHAN, a little HILL, who has been found out, and Gravesend is only a characteristic little section of the State as it is under the rule of the machine.

It only needed the act which aroused the consciousness of the people to the true character of the machine to destroy it. The people often seem dull because they are indifferent, but when it was proposed to reward with a judgeship one who had committed an offence which a lawyer of his own political party characterized as a "shocking crime," they spoke for political virtue and in behalf of pure government in a voice from whose terrors the bosses have not yet recovered.

While this popular indignation is yet burning is the time for the honest Democrats to purify their party. The people have purified the State for the time, not by choosing ideal executive and judicial officers, or by sending to Albany ideal legislators—for the character and talent of the candidates elected were little thought of in the war against HILL and MAYNARD—but by demonstrating that civic virtue is not only alive but is very active in New York. The State is interested in the fulfilment and perfection of the work. Every person within the borders of the commonwealth is concerned in the purity of both parties, and in the character of the organization of both parties.

The Democratic voters owe it not only to themselves, but to the State, to complete the ruin of the machine which the people began on that memorable Tuesday. The men who led the anti-snapper movement, who showed their power by enrolling a quarter of a million Democratic voters in this State, thus defeating HILL'S preposterous ambition for the Presidency, have another opportunity. It is said that they have thus far abstained from making war upon the machine within the party because they would not even seem to do anything to embarrass the President while he was engaged in his endeavor to obtain the repeal of the SHERMAN act. That consideration is no longer potent. The SHERMAN act is repealed. The anti-snappers and all virtuous Democrats are now free to do what they will for the extermination of the machine. They owe no self-restraint to any one. They did everything in their power to secure Mr. CLEVELAND'S nomination. They effaced themselves from politics to insure the loyalty of the treacherous machine. They have kept silent under great provocation in aid of the first great effort of Mr. CLEVELAND'S administration. Rarely has there been such an exhibition of self-abnegation. But self-abnegation no longer bears even the semblance of patriotism. The first duty that good Democrats owe is to themselves, their party, and, above all, to their fellow-citizens of this State. They should organize from one end of the State to the other, and take the power from the feeble hands that now control the party, to the end that the corrupt men now at the head of the State and its cities may be succeeded by those who are worthy, and that the disgrace inflicted upon New York in the name of Democracy may be wiped out.

## POSSIBILITY OF AN ANTI-TAMMANY MAYOR.

THE recent election in this city demonstrated the weakness of Tammany. It is reported by those who have access to the presence of CROKER, who are permitted to view him in the privacy of his throne-room, who are the recipients of such confidences as he makes, that he is dazed by the result. He does not know why his puppets received so many more votes than were cast for HILL'S puppet, whom, for the moment and the occasion, he had adopted. He is perplexed by the fact that MAYNARD received 20,269 fewer votes than MEYER, 21,176 fewer than FITCH, and 19,680 fewer than FELLOWS, who was the weakest candidate on the CROKER city ticket.

The answer is clear. The CROKER ticket polled its vote because there was no opposition to it. The proof that there was a bargain between the local Republican bosses and CROKER is daily becoming more convincing. The Republican city ticket was in the field as a foil for CROKER, and its vote was intended to be simply a background for the better showing off of his majorities. No intelligent person, either, believes that Judge BARTLETT received loyal support from the Republican machine. Indeed, so apparent was the treachery of the Republican bosses and heelers that Republican newspapers are insisting that they shall abandon their pretence of Republicanism and openly join CROKER'S band of brigands.

Despite CROKER and the Republican machine, however, BARTLETT ran 10,816 votes ahead of his ticket, and MAYNARD 20,269 votes behind his. And this was accomplished despite the smallest vote cast in the city since 1889, and, with the exception of that year, since before 1884, and in despite of the fact, too, that many Democrats who would have voted against MAYNARD if that could have been done without additional pains or effort, declined to take the trouble, and therefore cast the straight Democratic ballot; for the present ballot law greatly aids the straight ticket, and prevents independent voting. The number of votes thus lost to BARTLETT is incalculable, but it must have been great.

The time is ripe for revolt in the city. Those who are opposed to CROKER have the opportunity of their generation. The margin between CROKER and a candidate weakened by treachery in his own party, and by the fact that Democrats who desired to vote for him could only do so by casting a straight and otherwise a meaningless Republican ballot, or by the employment of the annoying and difficult medium of a paster, is less than 33,000. Besides, CROKER himself was not in issue. He had chosen his lay-figures and their protagonists, on the whole, judiciously. MAYNARD was the object of the people's wrath, and CROKER escaped, and is wondering why.

He will not escape next year if the virtuous people of New York are in earnest. Whether he "turns down" GILROY, banishes COCKRAN, or restores them to a share of power in his "Hall," CROKER is doomed if the honest voters will act together. If CROKER is submitted to the people of New York next year as an issue, and if the people of New York are ready to sit in judgment on him, his fate is sealed. The institution over which he presides, and the criminals and semi-criminals who sustain it, will go out of public life, and out of control of the municipality they disgrace and rob. A common rallying-point, an organization for good government, a recognition of the fact that national politics have nothing to do with city affairs, first-rate candidates, and a thorough campaign against CROKER will redeem the city from his domination. New York can have an anti-Tammany Mayor if it will.

## ARTISTS AND PROTECTIVE UNIONS.

LABOR organizations and trades-unions are good or bad accordingly as they are wisely or foolishly administered. Their primary object is most praiseworthy, but every one at all familiar with their history knows that now and again injudicious leaders persuade these bodies into acting with an unreasonable tyranny that is entirely out of accord with both justice and common-sense. Such actions never fail to lead to the disrepute and unpopularity of these bodies. Calm observers who are in sympathy with the effort of working-men to get a full reward for their labor regret such foolish actions, but at the same time cannot help realizing that they are to an extent inevitable, for the reason that working-men in the lower grades of labor have not usually the advantage of the training from which wise leadership grows. So far as these are concerned we can do nothing further than to hope and wait for that time of universal education and intelligence when all men will prefer the gentler to the harsher course of action.

But there are working-men who protect their avocations for whom when they act unwisely no such excuse can be made. Among such as these are the musicians in New York. Many of these musicians are men of cultivated intelligence; many, indeed, are worthy to be called artists. When such as these declare that they must protect themselves against foreign competition they make themselves absurd—ridiculous. If the men who make doleful and hideous sounds in the street should unite in an effort to keep the strolling musicians of Europe off the streets we should see some reason for it. Indeed, we might be thankful, for fewer street musicians would mean less noise and fewer discords to mingle with the distracting racket of modern city life. But the most recent instance of tyrannical silliness has nothing to do with strolling brass bands or creaking crank-organs, but affects Mr. WALTER DAMROSCH'S Symphony Orchestra. The ordinary layman on casual reflection would think that all members of such an orchestra were artists, and that all they would ask of the director was that new members should also be artists. And it may be that such is the way that members of Mr. DAMROSCH'S orchestra look upon themselves and feel towards their art. However this may be, the Musical Protective Union has notified the director that the members of his orchestra cannot play so long as a certain new and objectionable member is permitted to play upon the violoncello. Why is this man objectionable? He is an excellent performer. Mr. DAMROSCH says he is a virtuoso, which is another name for an artist. The sum of his offending is that he has not lived in the United States six months, and therefore is not eligible for membership in the union. The leader of the Musical Protective Union goes further, and says that this virtuoso, this artist, should have been prevented from landing in this country under the Contract Labor Law. As the matter stood when the WEEKLY went to press, Mr. DAMROSCH declared it his purpose to disband the orchestra rather than to give in to such an unreasonable demand. And this expression of determination he supplements with the statement that in the whole of this country there is not a man who can acceptably take the place of the soloist to whom the Union objects.

To give up the symphony concerts will deprive lovers of music of much genuine pleasure. The members of the orchestra would also suffer from lack of employment. Both of these contingencies should be avoided. The trouble with this particular Union, and with most Unions, is that the rules are too inelastic, and therefore, in exceptional cases, do much more harm than good. When any real artist needs to be protected in a free land, then both art and freedom are in a bad way.

## ANOTHER LAND-GRAB POSSIBLE.

ADVERTING to a recent editorial in HARPER'S WEEKLY which criticised the regulations under which settlers were admitted to the Cherokee Strip, a correspondent takes exception to the statement therein contained that such scenes as attended the Cherokee opening cannot occur again because there is no prospect that any more public lands will be opened for settlement. The correspondent reminds the WEEKLY that by an act of Congress passed in June, 1892, one-half of the Colville Reservation, in the northern part of the State of Washington, was declared to be public domain, and that preliminary surveys were ordered to be made (and have since been made) with a view to opening that portion of it for settlement. The Colville Reservation includes three million acres, and our correspondent says that people of all classes in Spokane, where he lives, have for two years past had their eyes on the half of it destined for settlement, with the intention of being present at the opening, and taking part in the expected game of grab.

Our correspondent suggests a plan for preventing such a scramble for this land as that which disgraced the Cherokee Strip opening. He says:

"A government office is already established at Spokane, whence railways radiate in all directions, and afford easy access to the reservation. Let public notice be given that for three months previous to a certain date applications will be there received from citizens having the right for claims in the new strip. At the end of three months let the privilege of choice be awarded to the applicants *by lot*. Ten days after privilege No. 1 is awarded the holder of said privilege must choose his claim. Fifteen minutes, or a convenient number of minutes, after him No. 2 must choose, and so on. Under this system the applicant would be allowed to familiarize himself with the reservation, so as to be able to take some other section than the one upon which he had set his heart, and yet get a desirable claim, provided there was any left. It would give persons who had lived long in the neighborhood a certain advantage which would be justly theirs. Brute force could have no advantage, and while the wily speculator might sometimes get ahead of the honest farmer, the poor crippled widow would have nearly an equal chance with 'Wild Bill' on horseback or any other bad man."

There may be objections to the details of the plan suggested by our correspondent which are not patent to the inexpert. Some better plan may be devised, and as the opening of the new strip may be deferred for several years, there is time enough to devise and perfect a plan that shall be adequate. Inasmuch, though, as the act of Congress which provides for the opening of the new strip stipulates that the land shall be disposed of "under the general laws applicable to the disposition of public lands in the State of Washington," a new plan cannot be introduced without Congressional intervention, and that will take time. Certainly some plan that is a vast improvement over the old-time land-grab may reasonably be expected, since no sane Secretary of the Interior would risk the repetition of such scandalous proceedings as attended the last distribution.

## BIRDS AND BONNETS.

SINCE the revival in England of the fashion of adorning women with the wings and feathers of birds, the English newspapers have begun to teem again with letters of remonstrance, setting forth abominations of the practice, and its effect in bringing about the extinction of the species of birds used. Mr. W. H. HUDSON, the naturalist, points out in a letter to the London *Times* how far the insensibility of women to the cruelty of the feathers habit seems to justify the idea of HERBERT SPENCER that women do not progress side by side with men, but "lag far behind, and intellectually, especially on the side of the æsthetic faculties, occupy a position about midway between the civilized man of our era and the pure savage." The *Times*, in commenting editorially upon the objections to the wholesale slaughter of birds for their feathers, recalls the remark of Professor NEWTON, made in a letter seventeen years ago, that "feathers on the outside of any biped but a bird naturally suggest the association of tar."

All the bright-plumaged birds have been destroyed in irreparable numbers of late years, but the worst case is that of the herons, who furnish the plumes for aigrettes now fashionable in bonnets. These plumes, it seems, are the bird's nuptial ornaments, and are only to be had during the breeding season. Accordingly each aigrette means that a parent bird has been killed, and a nestful of young ones has starved to death. In the light of such information it is easy to believe the assertion that the herons have been absolutely cleaned out in Florida, their great breeding-district in this country, and are getting scarce in the tropics.

But how hopelessly absurd it is to try to intervene between the female and the fashion! Does any one believe that if it were the mode to wear necklaces of babies' teeth, there would not be more infants in the world and much fewer available teeth to each infant? There is a sort of Astrakhan fur that is fashionable every year or two for trimming. We forget the polite name for it, but the process of obtaining it is to rip up the dam and skin the unborn kid. In politics it is thought unscrupulous to go behind the returns, but not in fashions.

## A PRACTICAL USE FOR FOOTBALL.

IT must be a matter of congratulation to parents and sons alike, to teachers as well as to students, to learn that a practical application of a knowledge of the game of football has now been found. Parents and teachers will be glad in the assurance that the time spent by their sons and the youths under their charge in the practice of the game has not been wasted, and the boys will be glad to be able to draw upon specific facts instead of indulging in glittering generalities in defence of their devotion to the sport. The teachers will also doubtless be glad of the possibilities of development that seem to lie in this new-found use for football tactics. Hitherto the advocates of the game have been compelled to defend it generally on the ground of its being so healthful and invigorating an exercise, and by claiming that it taught coolness of head as well as toughness of shins, and cultivated a power of generalship in addition to exuberant crops of hair.

But in a despatch from Fall River dated November 15th we read that two men, who gave their names as JOHN WILLIAMS and EDWARD WRIGHT, entered the residence of Mr. ALEXANDER MILNE, on Ridge Street, at mid-day, presumably with felonious intent, for while browsing around among the personal effects of said MILNE they were thrown into a frenzy of terror by the unexpected entry into the room of a lady, whose name, for some reason not reported, has been suppressed. The two men took flight through the window, jumping into a party of school-boys, who dauntlessly gave chase. Two of the older boys, GEORGE WARING and JOHN FLEET, Jun., overhauled one of the men, but whether WILLIAMS or WRIGHT is not stated. WARING tackled him football fashion about the waist, his arms slipping down to the man's knees, and brought him down, whereupon FLEET, Jun., precipitated himself upon the man's head as if it were a football, and claimed a touch-down. The man claimed that he was held, and attempted to throw the boys off, but the timely arrival of the umpire, in the shape of a policeman, who decided in favor of the home team, and enforced his decision with a vigorous application of his billy to the man's head, until he ceased to resist, saved the day.

The other man had the temporary advantage of being pursued by the smaller boys, who, however, finally caught him in a similar football manner about a mile out of town.

We thus see that if these boys had not been in the habit of playing football, and familiar with its methods, the two men, who are also suspected of having committed other crimes in the city, would undoubtedly have escaped. It will therefore be seen that our college football-players are developing a set of men who will be invaluable on our police forces as thief-catchers. And while their methods will lack the subtlety and finesse of those of Mr. Sherlock Holmes, they will be much more direct, and, if we can judge from the success of a few untrained school-boys, probably quite as effective.

The objection may be raised by some caviller that we do not find many college graduates on our police forces at present, and that the talents developed on the football field are likely to be lost to the world for that reason. The objection, however, is not a valid one. Candidates for the police force hitherto have not sought to prepare themselves for the job by taking a collegiate degree because it was not necessary for them to do so, and college men have not sought places on the force because they saw in such a career no fit opening for their talents and training.

Once let it be understood, however, that a knowledge of football is essential to success as a policeman, and we shall have not only men whose natural tastes and inclinations lead them to become policemen flocking to our colleges in order to obtain the best possible preparation, but we shall find our athletic college graduates clamoring for positions as guardians of the peace as they have hitherto thronged the professions of the law, medicine, and the church.

The necessary effect of all this will be greatly to raise the standard of the police force, and to place it on the same level as, say, the army and the navy. Evil-doers will soon discover that they have to deal with men from whom it is impossible to escape, and in consequence all professional criminals will seek other fields for their labors. The presence of so distinguished a corps of men in one of our municipal departments is bound to have its due effect on the others, and the imagination readily pictures the time in the near future when to be a Tammany district captain will imply the ability to write A.M. after one's name, and when every alderman will be an LL.D.

# THE STORY OF THE HORSE SHOW.

## GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

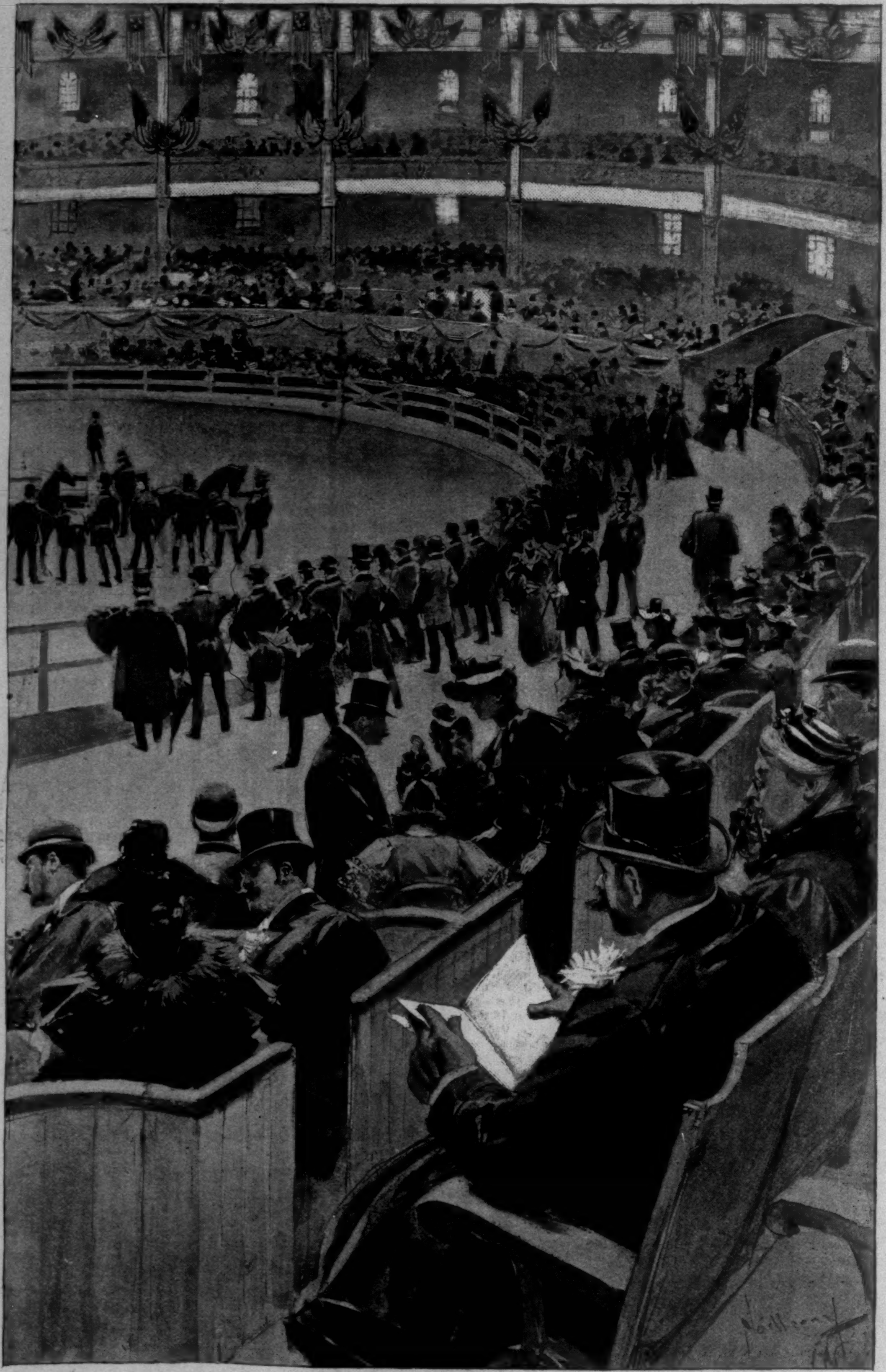
BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

THERE has been lately introduced into this city a new form of entertainment, or rather a new arrangement of an old entertainment, which is called "the continuous performance." It is in progress at several of the cheap theatres here, and its chief novelty lies in the fact that there are no waits or intermissions, and that you can run in at any moment from ten in the morning until eleven at night, and be sure of finding something on the stage from the moment of your entrance up to the time when you are ready to take your leave. The Horse Show is very much like one of these exhibitions, on a very large and magnificent scale. It begins at nine in the morning and continues until midnight, with two short recesses. With these exceptions there are always three things to see—a triple ring, as it were, which gives you three different objects for your entertainment—the horses in the ring, the people in the boxes, and the horses in the stables below.

As a spectacle, the most interesting thing about the Horse Show is that it is so well done. There is no other entertainment on so large a scale in this country in which the comfort of the dumb animal and of the voluble spectator is so well considered. There is no other entertainment, perhaps, where horses are such important performers; but even in those where men and women are the chief attraction, as at the grand opera, there is no better regard for their ease and their special desires than at this annual circus at the Madison Square Garden. Every little detail has been considered, so that each person is taken care of and shown what there is to see, or allowed to show what he or she desires to exhibit to the best advantage, whether it is a green hunter or an orange and black frock.

This is not written for the individual who lives in New York city, for he knows and has known for several years exactly what the Horse Show is like. It is an old story to him. It is written rather with the hope of interesting the man or woman in the far West or South who reads of the Horse Show in the papers and who is anxious to read more. You enter the Madison Square Garden through a long marble corridor with red velvet curtains hung at its further end. Some one is always coming out through these heavy curtains as you push them aside to go in, and you generally run into him; and your nostrils are assailed at the same time even more forcibly by an odor of bark, like that of a street in which some one is ill and which has been covered with tan-bark; and your ears with the cries of a half-dozen little jockeys in yellow and black jackets, who wish you to buy a catalogue from each of them; and your eyes by a misty glare from thousands of electric lights.

The Garden during Horse Show week is built around a square movable platform, which rests in the centre of a huge oval ring covered deep with tan-bark. This platform is sacred to the judges of the "continuous performance." Around this ring is a high wooden fence—too high for a horse to jump, and too strong for a runaway team to break. It has three stout rails, and is painted white, with a red upper rail. When something exciting is going on in the ring this fence is crowded on the outside by five or six rows of spectators, who peer between the rails or stand on the lower one and rest their chins on the red one, and shout their admiration at the horses, and occasionally frighten them into losing a prize. Between the fence and the first row of boxes, which circle four-fifths of the ring, is a broad board walk, where the spectators can promenade and show themselves to the people in the boxes, or look up at them, if they like that better. At night this promenade is so crowded that it takes a polite person, who is not willing to push and shove, some ten minutes to make the circuit. The boxes rise from a level of the high fence to a higher level of three or four feet, and back of them are rows of seats like those in the theatre of a hospital. Above these are two galleries, which continue all the way around the building. When the promenade is crowded, and the boxes filled, and the seats back of them, and these two galleries are packed, you can see more people at one time gathered in a smaller circumference than it is possible to get together probably in any other building in this country. And the sight of these twenty thousand people is all the more remarkable because of the good clothes of the crowd, and the many well-known faces of public men and fashionable women, and the pervading air of good taste and of money well spent, and the obvious recognition of the fact that there is much on show besides the horses.

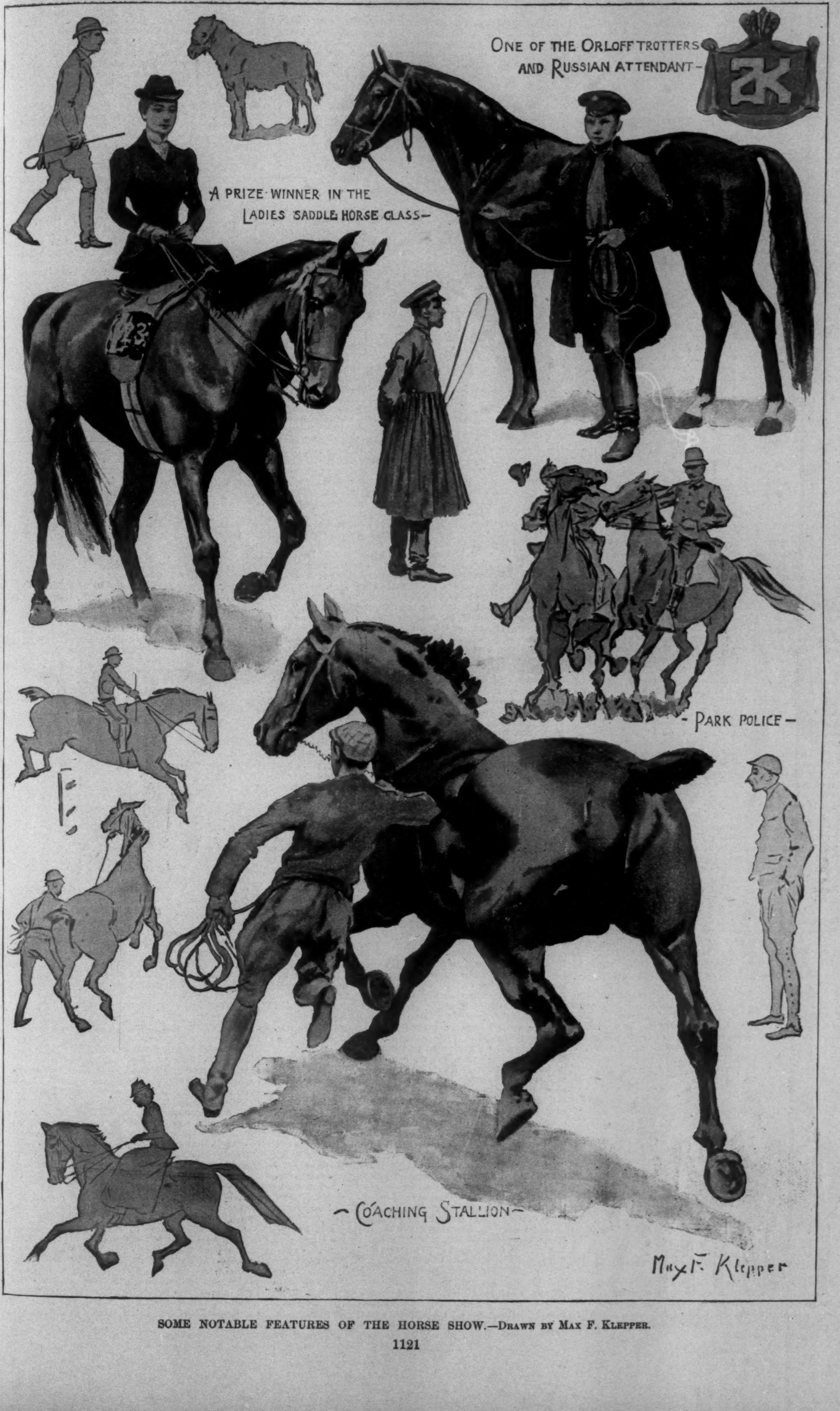


AT THE HORSE SHOW—WATCHING THE JUDGING.—DRAWN BY E. V. NADHERNY.

It is quite possible to understand that the Horse Show can be disappointing as an entertainment to the man or the woman from another city, to the family man from the suburbs, and to the man of few acquaintances from anywhere, unless he or she loves horses as much as some men love fire-arms, and who are content just to look at and pat and shoulder a rifle without asking permission to fire it off. For unless he loves horses very dearly, the Horse Show is as likely to make him feel as much out of it as Newport makes the tennis-player feel out of it when he sees that every one in the town knows every one else, and that his only interest in the place is limited to one side of a tennis net. But to the man of large acquaintance or to the man who reads the newspapers thoroughly the Horse Show is a continuous performance of many different values. The stranger sees only a dozen horses in a tan-bark ring, with three or four gentlemen looking them over, until some half-dozen smart-looking grooms affix ribbons of different colors to their heads, and the crowd applauds. To get much fun out of that he must know that the crowd applauded because it was the horse of a man they all knew, either personally or from reading about him in the racing or the society columns of the papers, that had received a first prize, and not the horse of the dealer, for whom they cared very little. He has to be able to distinguish between the horses of the man who breeds them on his own farm and who breaks and trains them himself for the love of it, and the man who buys them in England as he would buy a high hat; and between the pet hunter of the girl who rides him herself, and the other some livery-stable proprietor has entered only to sell. Of course it does not follow that the person who is ignorant of these unimportant facts is not going to enjoy the show if he cares for horses, for it is the horse and not the owner he thinks about; but to properly appreciate the great interest the show has for the majority of the people who visit it you must understand that it is not the entries but the people who have made the entries that attract most of the spectators. This is sad, but true.

If the Horse Show were a real horse show, with the only idea in view of encouraging the breeding of horses and bettering the horse's condition, there would be fewer hunters and tandems and more butcher carts in the competitions. But the Horse Show is run almost entirely by a certain small class of people. It happens that people of this class are able and willing to make a more attractive exhibit of themselves and of their horses than probably any other class could do, and in consequence no one or very few complain. It is certainly more interesting to see five or six four-in-hands in the ring than as many public cabs, and the owners of the brakes and coaches make a much more attractive show in the boxes than would possibly the wives and daughters of the public cab-drivers, probably because these latter, rich as they certainly ought to be, are not quite rich enough to pay from six hundred to a thousand dollars for a box.

Every man is supposed to love a horse, as all the world is supposed to love a lover, and if he does not he pretends he does, and he cannot complain that the particular object of his affections is neglected at the Garden. There are little baby ponies and giant Percherons, and trotting-horses in front of spiderlike buggies driven by gentlemen in voluminous white coats, and short-tailed cobs in front of mail-coaches, with young men in long-waisted frock-coats and curly-brimmed high hats, and there are beautifully colored brakes with four horses, and smart broughams with one, and dog-carts with tandem teams. There are also magnificent black stallions at the end of a long white lunging-rein, and hunters innumerable. There are three elements in the crowd of spectators who watch these different classes compete for the four ribbons. These are the friends of the contestants, who know where the owner bought the horse, and his pedigree, the maker from whom he got his cart, and the name of the groom or the gentleman who is driving it for him; the chance spectator who only distinguishes each entry by the color of the horse, or of the panels of the cart, and who "chooses" which he would rather own, and who is interested chiefly in the fact that one of the drivers is a "dude" and another is not; and the grooms and stable-boys who hang breathlessly around the rail, and who consider the horses only, and whose enthusiasm is the real thing, and more hearty and genuine than that of the horse-owners themselves. The crowd is most interesting and most interested when the hunters jump, at the close of the afternoon and evening performance. Each hunter in the jumping class must twice take a hedge, an "in and out" jump, a gate, and a post and rails; these are each about four feet six inches high, and there are generally from fifteen to twenty horses competing. The interesting thing about it is to note how the people in the upper part of the house are educated as the evening goes on, and how they learn to discriminate in their applause. At first they give all of their approval




SOME NOTABLE FEATURES OF THE HORSE SHOW.—Drawn by Max F. Klepper.

to the horse and the man who clear the jumps without levelling any one of them, and the fact that his horse does this on a rush, and at such speed as would inevitably break the rider's neck if he fell, does not occur to them, although it makes the judicious grooms and the stable-boys grieve.

They laugh mockingly when a horse refuses, and do not take account of the fact that the rider is still calmly seated in his saddle; while, had they received the same sudden set-back, they would have shot over the horse's head until they met something strong enough to stop them. They also roar with approbation when a very bad rider, after steering his horse into a fall, scrambles back into his saddle; for this appeals to them as a very sportsmanlike thing to do, and something they certainly would not emulate if they had had such a fall.

But they learn very quickly; they notice that while they have been roaring with delight at the antics of a frightened horse, and the amusing fact that his rider cannot make him take any of the jumps without a struggle, the grooms and the people in the boxes and in the promenade have been silent until the last jump has been taken; and that they then, in spite of the fact that the horse has inevitably disgraced himself, have burst into loud applause for the rider. So, before the evening is over, a horse can take all of the ten jumps and not get a hand for it, while the man who lifts his horse over some of them, and who shows a good seat and a light hand, receives his reward from all parts of the building.

At night there is much more of the spectator in evidence than there is of the horse. The people are everywhere moving in two slow uncertain currents around the promenade, and rising from that to the roof, where lines and bunches of electric lights glare down upon them with the fierceness of the sun through a burning-glass. They show beautiful women in very fine gowns and thousands of men in uniform black and white, and every one is bowing and smiling, and bumping into some one else at the same time, and then bowing and smiling at him. Sometimes when there is a particularly beautiful girl or a distinguished personage on exhibition in one of the boxes, the crowd congests and stops in front of it, blocking the board walk completely until the object of their curiosity disappears into the stables below or is lost in the crowd. There is the element of expectancy in the air, as though every one were looking each moment to see some one he knows, and he is seldom disappointed. The Horse Show draws people from all over the country, and it becomes as much a matter of course to find a friend from Denver or from London at your side as the man you have just left at the club.

Some people take the show very seriously, and get themselves up for the part they are to play there, which for them is generally a very small part. They wear remarkable waistcoats and long yellow overcoats, and it must hurt their sense of the fitness of things very much when they find that the man whose horses have won the greatest number of ribbons dressed more like a bank president than a bookmaker, as are they. The people offer many surprises, and the greatness of the crowd levels all ranks. It is interesting to see an actress from one of the local theatres enter the place with the determined purpose in her air and dress to be seen of all men and women, to give them something to look at, and to watch her growing more and more bewildered as she is bumped and shoved and buried from sight in the throng, and her individuality crushed out by mere force of numbers. The spectators are surfeited with celebrities, and the biggest men in political life and the most celebrated of the professional beauties are shouldered by grooms and trainers; and the daily papers, which once gave pictures of the prize-winners among the horses, now make drawings of the people in the boxes, as though the reading public must consider them the best part of the show.

Now that the Horse Show is a success, and has been and will be a success for years, it would seem a more sportsmanlike and a fairer thing altogether if prizes were given for the horses who toil and labor and who are public servants, and not merely to those who are meant for sale, and those who are so much petted by their present owners that they do not need any blue ribbons to make their lives happier.

In the French horse show last year the best exhibition of driving was given by one of the men who drove in the competition for omnibus-horses in harness. Now that is an interesting fact, and there is no reason why the hansom cabs that have been dropped out of the list, and the butchers' carts, and the other heavy draught-horses should not be encouraged as well as those of the Few Hundred.

The annual competitions for working-horses and costers' donkeys which the Baroness Burdett-Coutts instituted in London has done a great deal for these animals, and their owners are as proud of the brass plates they receive as prizes as any of the gentlemen at the Horse Show are of their silver cups.

But it is not likely that there will ever be a change. The fashionable people have made the Horse Show their own and set their stamp upon it, and the rest of the world have apparently accepted the fact without question. It is a very great show, and a very interesting one, and it pays one to have seen it. As a spectacle it is one of the most remarkable sights in the world, and it will always be popular, not on account of the horses especially, but in spite of them.

SOME OF THE EXHIBITS.

## CRITICAL COMMENT.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

ALTHOUGH it is undeniably true that beauty rather than the beast was the chief exhibit of the week to probably nine out of every ten visitors to the Garden, it is none-the less a fact that as each annual show comes and goes it leaves a distinct impression of an improvement in nearly every class. It is hardly ten years since we held our first show, and those who remember the grade of entries, the traps, the form, of even so short a time ago had cause enough last week for good honest pride in our improvement since that time in all three particulars. Around the arena beauty did, to be sure, set most of the spectators by the ears, but down-stairs in the stalls the beast suffered no division of attention, and it is there you should have looked for the men and women who go to see the horses, and who know a hunter from a Park hack.

And beauty deserves homage, too; for the rôle she has filled in our extraordinary advancement has been no inconsiderable one. Superficial observers are prone to declare the show a mere "function" in which the horses are an entirely incidental setting to "society's" announcement of its return to town. While it is perfectly true that seeing and being seen, more than the horses, concerns a very generous percentage of the fashionable folk, it is also true that among them are the men chiefly responsible for the success of the show and for the improvement of our breeds of horseflesh. Had not "society" stamped the show with its approval, unquestionably it would not have been so successful. It must be remembered that these are the people of wealth, and that "money makes the mare go." We should of course have had a Horse Show without them, and the old mare perhaps would have grown to be a pretty good sort of nag by this time, but without the lavish expenditure that has put new blood into so many of our classes, we must have been twenty years reaching the standard we have attained in ten. Let us, therefore, in commenting on the social side of this show, bear in mind whose money has so largely contributed to the lasting improvement of American horseflesh.

A WAGER.

That the National Association has accomplished a great deal goes without the saying; and the task has not been an easy one. To weed out and harmonize and yet make each year a decided improvement over the preceding one was not all plain sailing, as any one of the Association's officers will tell you for the asking. It was not possible to accomplish everything in one or two or even three years, and so we have waited patiently, satisfied if each show marked an advance in any one particular. In the early days, when it was somewhat of a struggle for existence, and the Association was not strong enough to assert itself, we expected nothing radical. Now it is different; the last two years have removed all doubts for the future; as a sporting, financial, and social venture it is an unqualified success, and as such we shall look henceforth for a clearer conception by its officers of the Association's mission.

The two objects of the National Association without doubt are to encourage and assist the breeder and to educate the public, and whatever tends in this direction should be cultivated. First of all, let us have a few very simple matters adjusted. This year's catalogue shows us the same horses entered in saddle and harness classes. I do not recall in any show a horse so entered that was a successful competitor in either; but that is neither here nor there; it is the principle involved to which I would call the Association's attention. This annual show of ours is *the* show of the country; it is really national in its entries and in the effect of its awards, and its standard should be unquestioned. It's all very nice for some gentleman with a modest stable to have a horse which is an excellent Park hack, and which his wife may have hitched up to the family trap for her airing in the afternoon, but it's out of all reason to expect such an animal to win a ribbon either in harness or under the saddle in classes where ideal types only as a rule are entered.

There may be an extraordinary individual exception, of course, but other than that the same horse cannot be an ideal type of saddler and ideal type of carriage animal at one time. The gaits are dissimilar, and, if nothing else, the harness marks should be enough to throw him out of the consideration of the saddle-class judges. So, although to nothing like so marked an extent is it with saddle-horses pure and simple and hunters, there is a very great difference between the two in every respect, and they should no more be confused in the ring than they are in the hunting-field.

With the amount of money annually invested in each distinct type of animal there is no scarcity of representatives of each, and no need whatever for the Association permitting the confusion of types that now exists in the show ring. There has been a great deal of weeding out in the various classes since last year, but we can stand a good bit more of it, to the increased value of the show. Next year let us have saddle-horses in their class only, and not frisking about the ring as either hunters or carriage-horses.

There was a very noticeable improvement in this respect over last year in the woman's saddle classes. It has been customary to see the usual saddle-class entries shifted over to the woman's class without apparently the slightest thought of qualification. Indeed, last year, if I remember correctly, the winner of the regular class was also the winner of the woman's class. He was an exceptionally fine animal unquestionably, but he did not have the look nor the build of a lady's hack, though his manners were perfect. A woman's saddler should have more length than a man's, and combine the utmost vivacity with the greatest docility. It should be more even in its gaits, and of perfect manners.

To be sure, all these attributes are desirable in a man's saddler also, except length of body, but they must be pronounced in a woman's hack to make it a type. Consequently this also should be a distinct class. The catalogue provided this year for the women's saddlers to be shown by one of that sex, and the decrease in the confusion of types was marked. Heretofore saddlers for sale have been thrust into this class with impunity, dozens of entries probably having never had a woman on their back.

The same measures should be adopted in the woman's hunter classes. What applied to the saddle classes last year does this year to some extent to the hunters, for we see the same animals in the ordinary and in the women's classes. To my certain knowledge several of those which competed in the women's classes would be mighty unsafe in the hunting-field, and this class may be straightened out fairly, as was the woman's saddlers, by insisting on the entries being ridden over the jumps by a woman. There is no encouragement to the breeder of woman's saddlers and hunters if the lax ruling of the Association is going to permit the ringing in of mongrels. And the Association officers need not fear a lack of entries. There will not be so many, but a decidedly better and more interesting lot, as were the women's saddlers last week.

And there is another quarter—the industrial horse—in which the Association may give its attention with results of a lastingly beneficial and wide-spreading nature. There have been from time to time sporadic efforts towards encouraging this most neglected of all our beasts of burden, but they have never amounted to much, because prompted chiefly by self-advertisement. At the open-air Horse Show last spring and the year before one or two retail shops offered prizes in this direction, but it grew to be a matter of which should get the greatest amount of advertising out of it, and there it began and ended. Last year, too, there was a prize for the public "cabby," and the contest turned out to be quite an interesting one, and could hardly help being beneficial. This year "cabby" was ignored, as was, in fact, every other kind of industrial horse.

In all the nine hundred and odd entries there was not a solitary representative of the industrial horse; and of all the thirty-three thousand dollars given as prizes, not one cent was offered for such a representative. Had there been any encouragement of the class by the Association, undoubtedly entries would have been forth-coming fast enough. The Association has always depended on special donations from its friends for this class, and as they have not proved steadfast, the class has suffered.

It seems to me this class is important enough to be included in the regular prize list. Some of the money could be taken from the endless variety of hackney and hunter classes, with no other result than that of relief to the spectators. Next year give the industrial horse a chance, and the hunter a needed rest, or rather the jumper, for while all hunters are jumpers, all jumpers in the Garden ring last week were not hunters, by a large majority.

This year the special prize list throughout, with but one or two exceptions, was the poorest the Association ever had. The majority of them seem to have been given chiefly to advertise the donors. Intelligent direction appears to have been the last consideration.

The Horse Show could be made so much more valuable and the week more interesting to all concerned if the classes from first to last were pruned generously. There is such an endless division—divisions that carry really no practical value—that not only are the judges worked like slaves, but the classes hurried and not half enjoyed. One cannot hold one's self in readiness to drop everything and run to the Garden at all hours, and yet that is practically what one must do every day of the Horse Show week, in order not to miss the best classes. If we could have a less number of classes, and horses kept to their own classes distinctly, it would add very much to the attractiveness of the show. And nothing proves this a fact so much as the show just finished. Throughout the week we not only saw classes that were almost exact duplicates of ones already judged, and that certainly brought out the same horses, but we saw as well quite a number of classes that were not filled at all, and should never have been entered on the daily programme. The time and money spent on these could have been used to infinitely better advantage.

"WHEN DID YOU GET BACK?"

Bearing in mind that this is a national association, why should there not be something done in the direction of cavalry horses? We have Troop A in New York, and there is one in Philadelphia. Both could give interesting and instructive drills, which might act as a tentative effort to create some stir among the breeders of cavalry horses. I don't see why this is not a matter for the consideration of the Horse Show Association; if not from the breeder's, certainly from the spectator's point of view.

And now one other point of criticism and I have finished with the National Association, and am ready to turn my attention to the horses proper. As this show increases its importance more and more in the horse world, the decisions of its judges grow in influence and scope. A few years ago a blue ribbon from the National Association had little more significance for the breeder than have the awards of any one of a half-dozen provincial horse shows. To-day, however, there is a different story to tell, for the high standing in the sportsman's world of its officers and the worthiness of its mission have made the National Horse Show Association a power in the land of horsemen. Its blue ribbons are the most coveted awards in America, and it is really national in every sense of the word. This being the case, it follows that not only should the most competent gentlemen be chosen for judges, but the judging itself should be conducted on defined lines that are known and accepted throughout the country as standard.

As it is to-day in many of our classes, the judging is very largely a matter of personal prejudice. That there have been comparatively few mistakes is simply because the judging has been done by exceptionally competent sportsmen. But I think all horsemen will agree with me that there should be a defined standard and a scale of points to be followed in making awards. Moreover, it is my opinion that not only should there be a scale of points, but the judges should publish their opinion with every award. Bear in mind this annual show has been far-reaching in its influence, that its awards or rejections mean everything to the breeder, and where the breeder is so vitally interested

he has a right to know on what points his entry failed. Yet another query comes to me: Why should the livery-stable keeper, the horse-dealer pure and simple, who is not a breeder, be permitted to enter his horses in the show? Many believe the dealer should be encouraged in this way; the dealer who is also a breeder—yes; but I cannot see why the livery-stable man, and the mere dealer who is in business as such, should be granted the privileges of an exhibitor. But I am aware a great diversity of opinion exists on this subject.

The most disturbing thought I find in full possession at the close of the Horse Show concerns the type of roadster the judges are giving us annually as the American ideal. The awards this year and every year that I remember have gone invariably to light-boned, highly bred, speedy representatives of the trotter. And this is the question which perplexes me: is the trotter simply a superior roadster? would Directum, Maud S., Flying Jib be eligible to the roadster class?

Undoubtedly the type of roadster as represented by Colonel Kip's two exquisite animals Mona and My May, which were winners singly and doubly whenever they competed, has a very large place in the affections and uses of the American horseman. It is the type that every lover of horseflesh, who can afford the luxury, wants in his stable for a little speeding now and then, and it has a distinct place in this country, though not, to my way of looking at it, in the roadster class. But there *is* a roadster, and it seems to me we are neglecting one of the most useful and universally popular types in this country in not providing for him. He belongs in a class between the trotter and the high stepper pure and simple; he has substance, quality, good all-round action, is a free goer, and carries himself well; he is the horse that moves along easily at a three-minute gait, and will keep going as long as you call on him; he has not the delicate organism of the trotter, and is not so expensive to keep. This is a kind of horse we do not use very much in the immediate vicinity of New York, and is little known to the officers of the National Association, but undoubtedly its average, take the country over, is three times that of any other type.

As our Association must be national in its scope as well as in name, this type should be provided for, and therefore

A BOX OF BLUE RIBBONS.

I suggest that next year the Association include it in the catalogue. The present type may be provided for by a class up to 2.40, 2.30, or whatever gait may be agreed on as fairly representing these road trotters, like Mona and My May, and a new class for the roadster introduced which shall consider speed over three minutes of no moment, and shall look for a broad-chested, good-boned, well-put-up animal with substance and style. Mr. Joshua Gregg's gray gelding, Hosea B. Perkins, which won third in the road-rig class, seemed to me the nearest approach to a roadster of any horse we have seen in the Garden ring.

In the chief roadster class there were thirteen exhibits, which, with a few exceptions, were all good—*i. e.*, accepting the trotter type as the standard. Colonel Kip won first and second in the singles, and first and third in the doubles, with My May, Mona, Mambrino Belle, and Emoleta. C. M. Reed showed a pair—Evangeline and Lunette—with a record of seventeen miles within the hour, and took third in the singles and second in the doubles. J. G. K. Lawrence has a nice clean mover in Kittee, and M. P. Wilder should hereafter save his entrance fee, as Bertha is outclassed. Considering that he is the great American horse, the trotter classes were rather sparsely filled, and certainly it was not for want of inducement, for the prizes were liberal. I am inclined to think it due largely to the idea which got abroad, based on the experience of the last few years, that the Association did not care for trotting entries. It may have been so at first, but the Association has shown a more thorough appreciation of its mission each year, and it does want and will encourage the trotting classes. The trotting men themselves are answerable for the scanty showing this year. There was not a single entry in the herd class, although $1000 was the first prize. Alcantara and Quartermaster were the only entries in the champion class, and came together again in the four-year-olds kept for service, being first and second in each class. There were two or three grand entries in the two and three year old stallions; Prince Lavalard, which won the two-year-old, is one of the freest-moving colts ever shown. The yearlings were disappointing in numbers, but superb in quality, especially the fillies, Alletta showing beautifully.

If the trotting class left much to be desired, the thoroughbred stallion class left more. The latter was indeed a miserly showing for a country that leads the world. Indeed, there was but one entry in the thoroughbred class that looked the "grand sire," and that was Macbeth, which was sick, and did not compete. Lunar Eclipse, which won first, is a horse whose quality is too well known to question, but he does not look it, and both Devotee and Greenland seemed more entitled to the red ribbon than Saxony, whose legs are not such as we like to see on a thoroughbred sire. Macbeth was in fettle for the best stallion for getting hunters special class, and was easily first, not another entry approaching him. This prize, offered by E. C. Potter, was one of the very few (about three) specials worth cataloguing, and the fact that it drew out but three competitors proved that of all the money spent annually by the hunting men, very little of it is going towards breeding up the American hunter.

The hackney classes of the '93 show will long be memorable for the unquestioned triumph of Henry Fairfax, a home breeder, and the complete downfall of Fashion. None has done more for the American hackney, if we may yet claim a type, than Mr. Fairfax, and the success of his entries in the three classes for "registered hackney stallions out of unregistered mares," was pleasing to all horsemen. It was, too, the first practical and official illustration in outcrossing the hackney since his introduction in this country. If every breeder can be as happy in results as the four beautiful two and three year olds, which won two blue and two red ribbons for Mr. Fairfax, show him to have been, then we may congratulate ourselves on the fad that first brought the hackney to our shores. But that all cannot be so successful, the yearling classes showed. Here the entries were disappointing, there being hardly any worth considering outside the winners, and not over two or three classing with Mr. Fairfax's incomparable entries.

Taking the hackney classes straight through, nothing to equal them in quality and numbers has ever been seen in this country. Mr. Frank Usher, who is an authority on hackneys, and came over especially to judge at our show, said that a better exhibition had not been made even in England, the home of the hackney. Consequently we may conclude that Messrs. Cassatt, Fairfax, Lawrence, and Webb, who practically stand as sponsors for the introduction and the first efforts at breeding the hackney in America, have done their work well. And do not let us dismiss Fashion without an appreciative nod to the old ring dandy, and a word or two to Mr. Prescott Lawrence to tell him we are not unmindful of the fact that Fashion was one of the first of our hackney sires; indeed, he and Mr. Cassatt's Little Wonder were the only two for several years. Both have left sons and daughters that will long perpetuate their names among breeders of the American hackney.

Probably the most interesting feature of the entire week to a horseman was the exhibition in the ring of the champion hackney stallion imp. Matchless of Londesboro, with seventeen of his get. It was really an impressive spectacle, this wonderful sire solemnly and proudly marching around the arena, with his be-ribboned and showy children prancing along after him. Next to Mr. Seward Webb's Matchless, Mr. Cassatt's Cadet occupied the attention of the spectators and the time of the judges. Cadet is a grand animal, and at first inspection looks to be finer-grained, but on more intimate acquaintance this impression disappears, and Matchless stands out peerless.

The continual improvement in the hackney classes is easily shown by the failure of imp. Star of Mepal, Forest Swell, imp. Berserker, and imp. Rufus to achieve the recognition they had heretofore, and in the new winners, imp. Dr. Parke and imp. Green's Rufus. The Wideners showed three fine mares in imp. Dorothea, imp. Her Ladyship, and imp. May Queen—the first and last blue-ribbon winners, the other a third.

One had not to be told after seeing the coaching stallion class, that comparatively few of our coach-horses are bred in this country. The display was not good, the class lacking in both quality and action.

Whatever shortcomings there may have been in any other class, the carriage classes showed improvement enough to more than save the average. The advance we have made in the last few years in our high-steppers and general carriage horseflesh is little short of remarkable. These classes alone are worthy a separate paper, and I cannot hope to do them full justice here. Every class filled nicely, and the quality was the best that has ever been shown. As a whole, probably they would have been even more interesting if some of the classes had been cut out altogether. It is possible to get too much of even a good thing, and we saw the same horses over and over again, until the interest they aroused at first was imperilled. Earlier in this paper I have spoken of the advisability of a scale of points, and their publication by the judges. Some of the judging in the carriage classes show my suggestion is not lacking in application.

There were ten classes for the high-steppers, single and double, and as practically the same horses were seen, I shall not attempt to follow each class, nor is there space. The horses one picked from the lot were May Queen, Ivanhoe, Tibbett, Tiny, Cock Robin, Magpie, Lady Gay, Duchess of Elm, Peacock, imp. Dorothea, imp. Lady Edwena, Cyclone, Sky High, Game-cock, Margaret, Grace, Tip, Top, Alantha, imp. Myrtle, Tip Top, Rockingham, Devil, imp. Belinda, imp. Fairy Queen, Gramont, Hamilton, High Commissioner, Trustee, Fop, Sky-rocket, Rough, Rats, Lady Gordon. Nearly all of these received ribbons; not always of the color some good judges of horseflesh believed they should, but that was inevitable, considering

A DISPUTED AWARD.

the present manner of judging. Ivanhoe was sent out of the ring in one class, and given second in another where the qualifications were the same. Tip Top was overlooked altogether in a class where "soundness, style, conformation, and hock action" were to be considered, although it would be hard to find a finer piece of horseflesh, or a more showy one, in any kind of trap. Take them all through, the classes have never been equalled here, nor surpassed anywhere.

The exception was the brougham class, in which there were four exhibitors, and only two up to class. There are enough broughams in use to make that type of horse worth cultivating.

The tandem classes have never shown finer quality, and seldom been more curiously judged. In the first class, O. H. P. Belmont showed Rockingham and Wales to a cocking cart, and was given first over Mr. Smith's Sky-rocket and Sky High, second; Mr. Fulton's Peacock and Gamecock, third, and Mr. Baudouine's Buckshot and Tip Top, fourth. The first and fourth should have changed places, for Belmont's leader was useless as such, though a high-bred animal. In the Park tandem Mr. Baudouine's claims were recognized, and he received the blue ribbon, with Mr. Fulton rightfully second, and Mr. Smith third. Mr. Smith, however, should have given place to Mr. Arthur's Margaret and Grace, for good as are Sky-rocket and Sky High, they are not showy enough for a Park team. Messrs. Belmont and McLaughlin erred in carrying unlighted lamps. Lamps should not be put on a Park tandem except for use. And Mr. Belmont's cocking cart and Park harness were a grotesque combination, and as defiant of good form as the cockade on the coachman's hat.

IN THE AFTERNOON.

The four-in-hands were quite as good as the tandems in quality, and caused equally as curious decisions. In the first class for horses Colonel Hilton won first, Mr. Baudouine second, Belmont third; and it looked as if the second and first should have changed places, Mr. Baudouine's horses showing more substance, quality, and style. In the Park class Mr. Widener won first, and it looked very close between him and Mr. Baudouine, who, however, was given third, while Belmont, whom he had beaten in the first class, received second. It was a wretched decision; but not so bad as in the road class, where Belmont again won, though Higgins' four went beautifully, every horse doing its work. For some reason or other the Belmont horses appeared to find extraordinary favor in the eyes of the judges.

The pony classes were the best we have ever had, breeder George Green quite outshining any of his former efforts, though he did not have all the honors. Imp. Spot, Dolly, imp. Tom Tit, Princess, Eccles' Wonder, Lady Derwent, imp. Elsie, Her Majesty, Evening Star, Cricket, and Janet are hard to beat.

The saddle classes have never averaged so high; we have seen quite as good individuals, but nothing like the general quality. Acrobat, Sovereign, Sea-breeze, Alexandra, Ray, Canteen, Vigilant, Her Ladyship, Jim Dandy, Granite, Vanity, Puck, Belmont, Duke, Dorothy, Tiny, and Radiant all being exceptionally good ones, the last the winner in the women's class. Six of these belong to Mr. S. S. Howland, whose entries in all the classes have been exceptionally good.

The hunter classes were notable chiefly for the splendid work of several new ones—Gerina, Gray Fox, Lofty Athlete, Xenophon, Gold Medal, Kensington, Lady Bird, and Molly. The old-timers, Transport, Grey Buck, Ontario, Sweetheart, Retribution, and Merry Boy were *en évidence*, as usual. Transport won the heavy, Kensington the middle, and Gerina the light weight championship. The jumping was about as usual, and the only improvement in the class was that noted in the better grade of green hunters.

It was a great show—the best we have ever had; fewer entries, but higher quality.

## BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

### A HORSE-SHOW INCIDENT.

It was a festive sorrel, with a polish that was fine,
Who at the Horse Show whispered in this good right ear of mine
That he was very sure to win all prizes, for that he
Was quite the best all-round great steed that ever chanced to be.

And then he whinnied softly several points in his career,
Which, if he spoke the truth, proved him a horse without a peer;
And that, if you have any sense, you'll see to be, of course,
Far better than if he had been a peer without a horse.

Said he: "My trotting record isn't Hanks's, that is true.
'Tis not two four, nor e'en two ten, and yet it is too-too—
As Oscar Wilde would state it—for my action is so great
That folks forget I'm slower than a car that carries freight.

"Nor can I run at all; that is, I haven't any speed.
But what of that, since form's the thing that triumphs over deed?
I go so slow when running that the others who have sped
So nearly catch me from the rear I *seem* to be ahead.

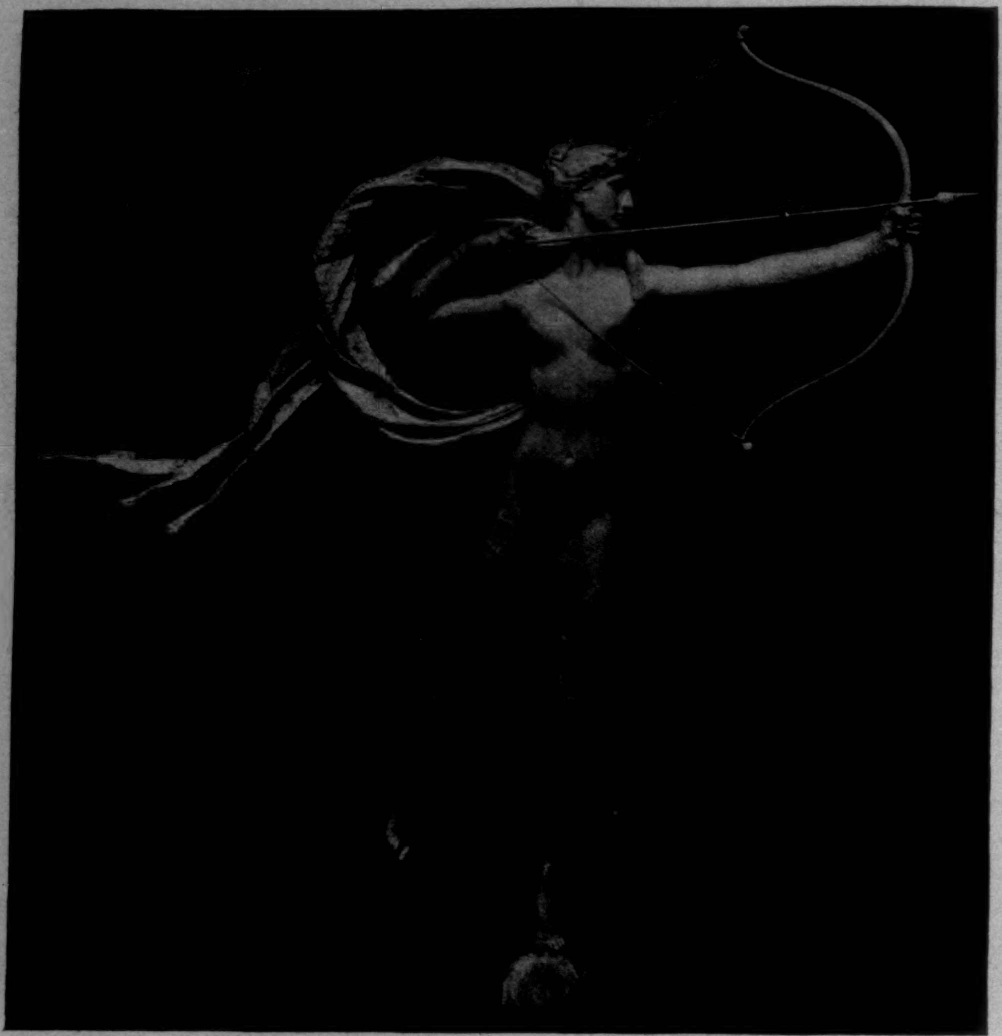
"I cannot jump six inches from the ground up in the air,
Yet all men say that I must be a jumper past compare,
Because, when speeding onward to the hazard, they all ween
Such grace like mine in jumping was not really ever seen.

"And when I whinny, all the ladies look about the place,
And wonder why they hear her voice, yet see not Patti's face;
And when I'm exercising, if so be I am alone,
My pattering hoofs make all the boys think I'm a xylophone.

"And thus, you see, I charm all sorts; the ladies and the gents,
The dudes and little mickey boys, declare that I'm immense;
And if 'tis true that style must win at all times over worth,
I see no reason why I should not shortly own the earth."

Then, as I thought of his conceit, it did appear to me
That those who say that horses, on occasions, seem to be
'Most human, make no error—from the fact there's no escape—
So many people, like my steed, go so much on their shape.

John Kendrick Bangs.



THE NEW DIANA FOR THE TOWER OF THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.
DESIGNED BY AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS.

## THE KING MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN.

An addition was recently made to the public monuments of Albany which is noteworthy even in a city for which Richardson designed a municipal building, and which is the seat of the New York State Capitol. This new acquisition is a fountain erected as a memorial to Rufus H. King, who died at Albany in 1867, after being prominently identified with the best interests of the city for half a century. The fountain has been constructed in Washington Park, by the descendants of this public-spirited citizen, at a cost of $30,000. The subject chosen was Moses smiting the rock, and the sculptor is Mr. J. Massey Rhind, the designer of one of the bronze doors recently placed in Trinity Church, New York, as a memorial to the late John Jacob Astor. In the fountain the Law-giver is represented as standing on the Rock of Horeb in the act of smiting it. The figure is of heroic size and impressive attitude. Below, and at the four sides of the rock, are large figures in bronze representing Infancy, Youth, Manhood, and Old Age. The rock itself has been so disposed as to look like a natural formation, the material having been taken from Storm King, in the Highlands. From near the summit four streams gush forth under the rod of Moses and find their way into a huge basin below, whence they feed the park lake near by. The figures surrounding that of Moses were designed to represent types of Hebrews who followed Moses in the Wilderness. Infancy is represented by a young mother giving water to her children; Youth is a maiden holding a jar to catch the running water; Manhood is represented as a warrior who is drinking from his hands; and Old Age figures as an enfeebled man raising a shell of water to his lips. The construction of the fountain was begun a year ago, and the unveiling ceremonies took place on September 29, 1893. An oration was delivered by General Horace Porter; Mr. William D. Morange, of Albany, read a poem; and Mr. J. Howard King gave a dinner in the evening at the Fort Orange Club, which was attended by Governor Flower and other persons prominent in official or private life.

## THE METAMORPHOSIS OF DIANA.

It is recorded in mythology that Diana was taller than any of her attendant nymphs. Accordingly images of her in ancient and modern art make her of noble stature. In spite of her pride of stateliness, however, Diana is a goddess for whom the scale of Brobdingnag could have no charm. She would never have paused on Latmos had Endymion been a colossus, nor would she have embodied herself in gigantic form. When, recently, in one of her reincarnations, she poised herself on the tower of the Madison Square Garden, and found that she was out of all proportion to that pedestal, she moved restlessly for a while, and then took her flight. She never stopped until she reached the wide dome of the Agricultural Building at the World's Fair.

The history of the vicissitudes of the Madison Square Diana, given in plain un-Olympian figures, is as follows: During the erection of the tower, Mr. St. Gaudens volunteered in friendliness to design a finial for the edifice. From a hastily executed model of small dimensions the figure was wrought in copper by an Ohio craftsman. When finished it loomed to a height of about nineteen feet. The work was done far from the supervision of both sculptor and architect, and the rod on which it was intended that the vane should turn was passed through Diana's heel, thus destroying the effect as of poising on tiptoe, which every similar statue has preserved since Gian of Bologna designed his celebrated Mercury. This unfortunate circumstance was noticed before the elevation of the figure, but it was only when it was in place that the abnormal size of the Diana was perceived. Even then she commanded admiration, but Mr. St. Gaudens was dissatisfied, and finally concluded to model another figure. This he did, making his model the size of life, and spending upon it all his customary care. The copper statue was produced under his own directions, and was made only thirteen feet high. It is said that between five and six thousand dollars will have been spent upon the new figure by Mr. St. Gaudens and his friend the architect, by the time the beautiful huntress once more points her arrow at the rising sun; but their generosity will have been rewarded, for with her metamorphosis Diana is, paradoxically, herself again.

Diana will be visible from her aerial position in a few days. In the mean time her loveliness may be partially apprehended in the accompanying illustration. It will be seen at once that she is smaller, that she bends a bow of different design from that which she formerly carried, that the suggestion of a robe which floats from her shoulders makes a smaller circle at her back than it did, and that it now streams far behind her in the breeze. What is of more importance than any of these details, of more importance even than the moderated scale, is the transformation which the entire figure has undergone in outline, in modelling, in expression. The lithe goddess now has movement and elasticity as well as dignity; there is more strength in her limbs than there was, and there is more grace. She is what she was not in her earlier phase, an authoritative type of the beauty with which Mr. St. Gaudens has made his public familiar in many works, but never in so buoyant and picturesque a mood.

ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

## SO LIKE THE WORLD.

It seemed so like the busy world we know—
  This dream of mine—wherein two gallant knights,
With lances held in rest and visors low,
  Each claiming victory in many fights,

Stood face to face and cried aloud their strength,
  Daring the other one to do or die;
But so loud were the boasts and such their length
  That each heard not the other's cry.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

THE KING MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN, ALBANY, NEW YORK.—J. MASSEY RHIND, SCULPTOR.

THE BUSK TUNNEL, COLORADO.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 1127.]

1. Present Line of the Railroad, showing Loops made in crossing the Continental Divide. 2. Entrance to Busk Tunnel, showing Location of the Work. 3. At Work in the Tunnel. 4. A Surveyor's Hut.

## THE COCKSWAIN'S STORY.

You know that little Dago who
  Stood on the burnin' deck,
Because his father was too dead
  To bid him quit the wreck?
Some folks may think it fine to write
  A po'm on w'at he did,
But, say, he warn't a marker
  To our Captain's little kid.

We was cruisin' just off Sandy Hook,
  A-shootin' at a mark,
An' little Jack stood on the bridge,
  An' thought it all a lark.
"Stay right up there!" his father said,
  An' knew the little kid
Would meet no harm, because he'd do
  Exact as he was bid.

When, just like that, a shell with fuse
  Alight come rollin' aft,
An' men an' boys they skipped one side
  Just like as they were daft.
'Twas just a silly trick o' some
  Fresh mischief-makin' Mid.,
But it seemed all dead in earnest to
  The Captain's little kid.

He give one hasty look aroun',
  His lip curled up in scorn,
Then swung hisself down on the deck,
  An', true as you were born,
He grabbed that burnin' fuse in both
  His little hands, he did,
An' yanked it out! Say, did we shout
  Then for the Captain's kid?

The Captain come, an' he was *mad.*
  "How dared you disobey?"
"Well, Pops," the little chap spoke out,
  "You see, 'twas just this way:
You wasn't here, but, Pops, I knew
  Just w'at *you* would 'a' did,
An' so I took my chances. Was
  I right?" The plucky kid!

The Captain, w'y, he just broke down,
  An' fairly piped his eye,
An' nodded "yes"; he was that choked
  'Twas all he could reply.
That's w'y the men all stick to Jack;
  He touched their hearts, he did.
Say, that Dago wasn't in it with
  The Captain's little kid!

H. G. PAINE.

## THIS BUSY WORLD

IN the case of a bad egg how simple is the treatment! If it is suspected, up it goes to the light. If it is still uncertain, a crack in the shell dispels all doubt, and if the certainty is adverse, away it goes! But if the bad egg happens to be a human being, what a complication that makes! You cannot throw away your human bad egg. You may be perfectly satisfied that it is hopelessly rotten, and can never be hatched into a decent chick or stirred into a successful omelet. It may be on your hands, making you malodorous and unhappy, an expense, a care, an irritation, a disgrace. Yet you can't throw it away. You cannot perforate its shell with a bullet, and let out its noxious insides. You cannot tie a stone to it and drop it in a pond. (Bad eggs float unless they are weighted.) Society frowns upon all those natural dispositions. It says the bad egg has as good a right to exist as if it were good. If it sinks it must sink of its own weight; if it cracks it must crack by its own inadvertence or in due course of nature, accelerated by nothing more definite than exposure to wind and weather. An ordinary bad egg, even if you do not smash it, can at least be trusted not to hatch out; but in the human bad egg there is no warrant for even so much confidence as that. It is almost as liable to hatch out and perpetuate itself as if it were good. There is just one chance in its favor that the bad egg of commerce does not share. It may possibly be reformed. For the sake of that one possibility, usually a remote one, its continued existence has to be tolerated. It is a mortal pity that, so long as society insists that its bad eggs shall be carefully preserved, it should not be able to perfect arrangements for storing them in such a way as to minimize the inconvenience of keeping them, and to make the most of the possibilities of their redemption. It has often tried to do so, but its experiments are disappointing. One of them, the Elmira Reformatory, is under investigation now, and appearances indicate that the finding of the investigators may be unfavorable. The trouble is that the job is so difficult that it takes a superhuman endowment of grace to control the natural economic impulse to smash the egg.

The career of Mr. Francis Parkman illustrates, among other things, how much better it is (if one must choose) to have a sound mind than merely a sound body. Mr. Parkman's body was somewhat frail at the start, and on top of that he had bad luck with it. At the age of eight he was sent to live in the country, where he might grow strong, and spent four useful years in that worthy endeavor, and incidentally in acquiring a taste for woodcraft and life out-of-doors. At twenty he was hurt in a gymnasium, and took a sea-voyage in consequence. At twenty-three he went on a long trip to the Rocky Mountains, accumulating a great experience of Indian life, and an illness from the effects of which he suffered all his life. For three years after that "the light of day was insupportable to him, and every attempt at reading or writing completely debarred." Yet his work went on with an amanuensis, and by the time he was twenty-eight he had produced *The Conspiracy of Pontiac.* At thirty the state of his health compelled him to change his occupation for a time, and he turned gardener, with results that all gardeners know about. And so he went on, "from strength to strength," indeed, but with intervals of physical indisposition scattered along between.

But because his mind was sound, all his physical mishaps and setbacks seemed to arrange themselves as so many stepping-stones to the better accomplishment of his purposes. There was no physical reverse, apparently, out of which he did not contrive to wring an intellectual victory.

It is nearly twenty years since this paragrapher, then a Harvard undergraduate, was taken to call upon Mr. Parkman, and was introduced to him as a young man in whom literary propensities were thought to have been discerned. Mr. Parkman took his breath away by asking him upon what particular branch of the calling of letters his energies were to be centred. That undergraduate's somewhat vague notion of literary endeavor was, to be huddled by circumstances into some sort of a job, and then see what would work out of it. So the implied suggestion that it was for a youth of twenty to choose whether he would write history, or novels, or poetry, or be a critic, rather flabbergasted him. But one of Mr. Parkman's newspaper biographers says that while he was still a Harvard Sophomore the future historian had formed a definite plan of writing the history of the French and Indian wars, so that his question was in perfect good faith, and warranted by his own experience.

It is to be hoped that all Americans who find themselves disposed to yield to the current propensity toward vagrancy will read the narrative of the career of John Y. McKane, and lay its lessons to heart. What was it that made McKane great? Was it spending his springs at Fort Monroe, at Nice, or at Monte Carlo, his summers at Newport or in London, his Octobers in Lenox, and his winters in Rome? Not at all. Not a bit. He came to the fore by sticking close to Gravesend. Some one has said, "There is only at Rome what you take there." There was not very much at Gravesend when it became the seat of the McKanes, except the McKanes; but for John Y. McKane there was enough. All that was essential he took there under his own hat. What else he wanted he thought he could bring there, and what he could not bring there he could spare. He never straggled, corporeally or in his affections. He was all for Gravesend, and all things to it. Only one concession he exacted in return—that Gravesend should be all for him. It needed police; he became its police force. It needed a church; he built it. It needed a Sunday-school; he organized and bossed it. It needed saloons, gambling-houses, hotels, and a great horde of summer contributors. John McKane attended to all these necessaries. It needed a new law now and then. McKane had the necessary bills passed when that was feasible, and when it was not, he sneaked them through the Legislature in disguise. He was everything to Gravesend—guide, philosopher, Sunday-school superintendent, parent, police, promoter, mortgagee. Naturally Gravesend was only too happy to be his. His title was so clear that the marvel is that when the Louisiana Lottery Company was scouring the country for a resting-place it did not dicker with John McKane for a foothold in his territory. But his reign is over, they say. He has overdone it. He will be sent to prison. Perhaps so. But meanwhile he has gone hunting. Perhaps he has overdone it, but it is the historical propensity of dictators to become superior to law. Napoleon himself brought up at St. Helena, and Cæsar was stabbed; but at least they live in history, and so at present does John Y. McKane. What a lesson he has been to all that great company of American nomads who, year after year, in weak indifference to their chances of greatness at home, scrape their poor sides bare of moss in bootless peregrinations over Europe! First choose your home. Napoleon did; so did the McKanes. Then make it yours. That is the motto of the Irish in America, and admirably do they live up to it.

A good word that can be said for the much-abused newspaper picture is that it is a prolific source of innocent diversion to intelligent babies. A contemporaneous New York Sunday newspaper costing five cents, if judiciously administered, will sometimes keep quite an active baby amused for an hour at a time. Thus we see by what strides the power of the press advances.

The first annual exhibition of the Sculpture Society of New York will be opened December 18th at the Fine Arts Society's building, and will continue three weeks. The Sculpture Society was organized last spring. Every one who went to the World's Fair will notice with interest and doubtless with approval that its first exhibition is to be given in connection with that of the Architectural League. Americans realize, perhaps more vividly than they did before they saw the White City, how closely sculpture and the higher forms of architecture are related, and not a few of them have wondered what steps would be taken to continue and cultivate the interest in sculpture which the adornment of the World's Fair buildings unquestionably aroused. The organization of this new society is one of the signs that the sculptors intend to improve as far as possible the opportunity which their work at Jackson Park has earned for them. That they have the cordial co-operation of American architects appears in the fact that Mr. Richard M. Hunt is the first vice-president of their society. The second vice-president is Mr. Richard W. Gilder, and the treasurer Mr. Charles DeKay, both of which names attest the interest in the movement of disinterested promoters of American art. Mr. J. Q. A. Ward is president of the society, and among the sixteen members of the executive council (which includes the officers) are Augustus St. Gaudens, Daniel C. French, John Rogers, and Stanford White. The exhibition will be largely of new work, one of its conditions being that no works of sculpture exhibited in New York since 1890 will be received. The secretary, from whom all particulars of the exhibition may be obtained, is F. W. Ruckstuhl, 37 West Twenty-second Street.

E. S. MARTIN.

## THE RECENT RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.

THE series of dreadful railroad accidents which has occurred in the last three months has a national significance. It goes without saying that the loss of life, the sufferings of the injured, and the misery of relatives and dependents are the first considerations that must enter into any humane mind. And beyond this the destruction of values is a misfortune for the nation and a calamity for some of the railroads.

But there is another aspect of these accidents which must grieve every patriotic citizen. The foreigners who have been in the country in the last few months will go away with the notion that this condition of things is normal, instead of being, as it actually is, very abnormal. Of all the industries of the United States the railroads are the most remarkable, and to many foreign students of our life the most interesting. But this group of railroad accidents, coming in the great World's Fair year, is a national disgrace and humiliation.

Without looking into records, any intelligent American would say at once that such a succession of fatal accidents is extraordinary, but a little examination of recorded facts will indicate how extraordinary it is. In the last seven years the passengers killed on the railroads of the United States in train accidents alone have averaged about 158 a year. The fatalities in one quarter of a year would be almost 40. But in the months of August, September, and October, 1893, there have been more than 100, probably as many as 105, passengers killed in train accidents, or more than two and one-half times the average for seven years. It is not wonderful that a public which feels keenly the disgrace of such a record, and which is apprehensive of the future, should ask who is to blame; what is the cause; what is the remedy? For it cannot be entirely a question of luck; doubtless there is some underlying common cause.

In looking for the common cause one must remember that a railroad accident is hardly ever simple. Usually it is quite complex; several things must conspire to produce it. To begin with, we may find that the ratio of the number of passengers killed and injured in the last three months to the total passenger movement is not above the average. In the last six years one passenger a year has been killed in train accidents for about 82 million passenger miles. That is, a man would travel 82 million miles before he would get killed. This ratio has varied from 51 in 1887 to 118 in 1892. It may be found that in 1893 the ratio will not be exceeded.

But statistics do not mend broken bones. The American who travels or sends his wife on a journey is not a fatalist, or a unit in a table of averages. He does not accept a certain percentage of deaths as inevitable, but would like to know why the ratio is not reduced; and he is quite right about it. For his satisfaction we will seek a little further the causes of the accidents of the last three months. We find that the two great accidents of August, in which 25 passengers lost their lives, were not in World's Fair territory, and might have occurred last year just as well as this.

But every one of the great accidents of September and October occurred on railroads that were crowded with World's Fair travel; in half of them special World's Fair trains were involved. An examination of the complete lists of all the accidents of those months would undoubtedly reveal much the same state of things: that is, that the tracks were crowded with extra trains, or with additional sections of regular trains, to the greater or less derangement of all service, freight as well as passenger. It is safe to say, therefore, that the increase of fatalities in the last two months, if not in the last three, has been due almost entirely to the greater passenger business induced by the World's Fair.

For the enormous increase of passenger movement the railroad companies cannot be held entirely responsible. For a long time there was stout opposition among railroad managers to any reduction of passenger rates, and there were many who, while granting that it would be desirable to reduce passenger rates somewhat, opposed any great reduction. They argued that there would inevitably be a heavy passenger movement, that they would have as much as they could do to take care of the passengers who would come to them at regular rates, and to move them comfortably and safely; and they argued further that the profit to be derived from a large movement stimulated by very low rates would be very uncertain.

To these men were opposed a few railroad managers who desired to stimulate a great passenger movement; and back of these, and the deciding element, was the public press and the popular opinion, all urging sweeping reductions in order that the people of the United States might have an opportunity to see the World's Fair. The result was that the conservative managers surrendered. The next result was the most prodigious passenger movement that has ever been seen in the United States; and we believe that another result was the unprecedented group of accidents of the last two months. The railroads that got through the first week of November without serious passenger accidents will make some money in spite of the low rates at which the most of the passengers have been carried, but the railroads that have had these serious accidents would have been a good deal richer without the World's Fair business.

It is said that the railroad managers, anticipating the great travel of the summer, should have prepared themselves to carry that travel comfortably and safely. The people who say this have little conception of the actual condition of things; they forget at the outset that the higher officers of the railroads are men of just as much humanity as any other group of men, that they are men of rather an extraordinary sense of responsibility, the very circumstances of their profession having bred this, and that they are men of considerably more than average ability. Further, these men have the highest stake of anybody in the community in the success and prosperity of the business that they are conducting; their incomes, their reputations, their whole career, are involved.

On general principles we may assume that these men did the best that they could in the way of preparation within their limits. It is easy to say that they should have increased their working staff through the whole organization, but it should be remembered that railroad employés, from the highest to the lowest grades, are not to be produced in a day or a month; railroading is a business like any other business, and must be learned. It should be remembered further that the railroads have suffered, together with all other interests, from the bad financial conditions of the country, and that their suffering goes back further. Year by year rates have fallen, until only about 40 per cent. of all railroad stocks pay any dividends whatever; all the railroad stocks of the country pay less than 2 per cent., and the total railroad indebtedness, stocks, bonds, floating debt, and all forms of obligation together, pay but a trifle more than 3 per cent.

Such was the condition at the beginning of the year, and during the year the decrease in earnings, gross and net, has gone on steadily, and it has become more and more difficult for the railroads to get credit for materials or to borrow money. In trying to do a greatly increased business at diminished rates with reduced incomes and credit, they have simply been trying to make brick without straw, and so the responsibility for this last group of railroad accidents must be shared by the public. The only hope of improvement is to examine each specific case, to convict the specific faults found there, and to punish the responsible individuals if criminal responsibility appears.

H. G. PROUT.

HAULING A SUBMARINE CABLE SEVEN MILES LONG, AND WEIGHING THIRTY-SIX TONS.—DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.

## HAULING HEAVY LOADS.

WE are fast losing the reverent awe with which we used to contemplate the constructive work of the ancients. Commander Gorringe's achievement in bringing from the Mediterranean, trundling through our streets, and safely setting up in Central Park the 372,000 pounds' bulk of the so-called Cleopatra's Needle taught us that the Egyptians, after all, possessed no engineering art superior to our own. We have learned, indeed, that they had no very particular mechanical knowledge. Apparently they did not even know the use either of the pulley or the capstan, but did all their moving of massive bodies by main strength, and by the employment of great numbers of men. What they in supreme contempt for human life accomplished by multitudes, we of to-day are doing by skill. Yesterday we asked ourselves with wondering perplexity how stones weighing thirty tons could be raised into their place in the great pyramid and adjusted with nicest exactitude. To-day, with steam-derricks capable of lifting a hundred tons, the Egyptian task would seem almost child's play; and what was then a work of days is now merely a question of minutes.

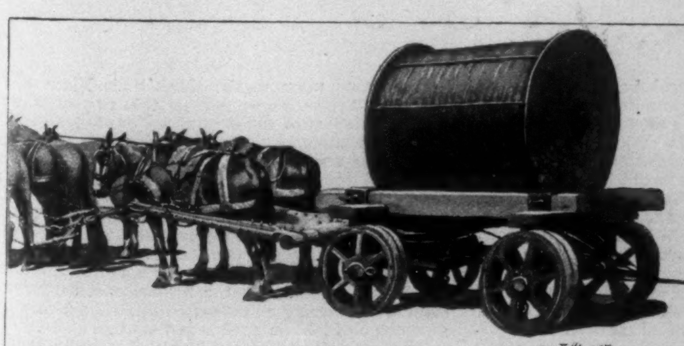
These undertakings, indeed, attract little public notice, except as they involve progress through some unwonted avenue, or as they encounter some mishap, like the crushing in of the road-beds. For our thoroughfares certainly have not yet attained the firmness of the indestructible granite blocks of the Roman highways, although our road construction surely is developing along much better lines. Our ability to move gigantic weights with facility is, however, but newly acquired, and we owe its attainment, in part at least, to the introduction of the cable road.

Probably few of the multitudes who employ this means of conveyance stop to think of the enormous weight of the wire-wrapped hempen rope which so smoothly and rapidly drags them. One of those used on the Broadway line in New York city—that which runs from Houston Street to Thirty-eighth Street and back—is four miles long, and weighs forty-two tons. The means first employed to take such cables to their destination in New York were certainly primitive. The cables are generally shipped from the manufactories wound upon immense reels, like titanic spools of cotton thread. When those were received for the first cable roads in the upper part of the city no better method of transportation was known than to smear the edges of the spools plentifully with grease and roll them through the street. The contrivance was dirty as well as clumsy, and has now been abandoned.

In St. Louis a truck weighing five tons and with tires fifteen inches wide was devised, which has carted forty-eight tons of cable without injury to the streets, and is said to be capable of bearing seventy-five tons. And in New York a similar wagon has lately been employed with success. This truck is mostly of iron, weighs over six tons, and the rims of its iron wheels are a foot wide. The forty-two-ton cable of the Broadway road was delivered by this means, though not until the immense weight had crushed the wheels through a poorly repaired piece of street. The enormous power of resistance latent in such a mass was vividly shown by this episode. Thirty horses harnessed four abreast were required to draw the load. It took the horses and twenty men, armed with jacks and blocks and tackle, several hours to lift the wheel from its rut.

More recently Mr. McLarnon's truck has moved without mishap a submarine cable seven miles in length and weighing thirty-six tons from the works of the Safety Insulated Wire and Cable Company to the river. It is called the longest cable ever made in this country, though not the heaviest, and the ease of its handling indicates the rapidity with which in these resourceful days the expedient meets the emergency. Twenty men labored seventeen hours to wind the cable in a figure 8 upon the truck; it took them even longer to recoil it into the hold of the barge.

There may be something of assumption in the air of mild contempt with which these herculean labors are spoken of by those who participate in them. No doubt complacent pride lurks behind the mask of indifference. Yet it is an inspiriting sight to see these magnificent horses marching sturdily rank on rank almost unconscious of their enormous burden, and the thoughtful mind cannot but read from it an impressive lesson as to the facility with which humanity is subjecting the mightiest forces of nature to its own uses.



WAGON BUILT FOR HAULING HEAVY LOADS, WITH A SECTION OF THE BROADWAY CABLE.—DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.

## THROUGH THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE.

ONE of the greatest engineering enterprises of the decade has just been completed in Colorado—an enterprise fully as great as the tunnelling of the Hoosac Mountain, whose completion was celebrated as a great national affair. But these are the days of great enterprises, and the piercing of the great divide by a tunnel nearly two miles long in one of the wildest mountain regions in the world has scarcely attracted attention outside of Colorado.

The road itself—the Colorado Midland—which passes through the new tunnel is one of the most wonderful pieces of engineering in the world. All the way from Colorado Springs to Glenwood it is a succession of surprises to the traveller, and that part of it which runs from Leadville over the great continental divide is only the climax of a series of surprising victories over the most apparently insurmountable natural obstacles. The Hagerman Tunnel at the top of the pass, which has been used since the road was opened about seven years ago, is 2064 feet long, and 11,528 feet above sea-level, and the Midland is here the highest standard-gauge railroad in the world, and the highest of any gauge except one in the Andes. The illustrations on page 1133 give an idea of the approaches to the present tunnel, and show how the new tunnel substitutes two miles of rail for the ten now in use. The big trestle shown in the view from the east end of Hagerman Tunnel is 200 feet high, cost $60,000 to build, and would have to be rebuilt every eight years. Besides this, immense rotary snow-ploughs have to be kept in operation at both ends of the old tunnel all winter, the snow on the west side of the divide being often thirteen feet deep on the level. The new tunnel it is estimated will save in operating expenses $70,000 every year, besides insuring the continuous operation of the road, so that the $1,000,000 spent on the tunnel is expected to be a good investment.

The Busk-Ivanhoe Tunnel, as the new one is called, pierces the main Saguache (pronounced sah'wash) Range, which here forms the continental divide, about twenty miles west of Leadville, at a height of 10,800 feet above sea-level, 1300 feet below the crest of the mountain, and 728 feet below the Hagerman Tunnel. Its length is 9394 feet. Work upon it was begun October 8, 1890, and since that time has been pushed unremittingly from both ends, twenty hours a day, with the most modern scientific apparatus. The backbone of the continent is of solid granite, and compressed-air drills and dynamite have done the work of excavation. There has been quite a rivalry between the gangs at work on the two ends as to which should reach the centre first. The Busk, or eastern, gang won the race, for the Ivanhoe men were retarded by water, and the final junction was made a thousand feet west of the centre. The dividing wall was pierced by the drill at 9.30 Tuesday evening, October 17th, and at 6.15 the next evening the blast was fired which broke the wall down.

The man who conceived the idea of this tunnel was Mr. B. H. Bryant, chief engineer of the road. The man who, as engineer in charge, directed the work was Mr. W. H. Leffingwell. The tunnel took three years to build, and cost $1,000,000. It is a little less than two miles long. The plans of the engineers worked out with great accuracy, and the alignment, when the last partitions were cleared away, was perfect.

The construction of this short-cut through the mountain will deprive travellers of a ride over one of the grandest and most picturesque parts of the road. The ride from Busk up to the summit, behind a great rotary snow-plough and three powerful Mogul engines, and down the other side to Lake Ivanhoe, was a never-to-be-forgotten experience. But the grand views and the risky-looking stretches of track are by no means all on the ten miles of road that the tunnel has superseded, as the view of Hell Gate given herewith will easily show. This place of the suggestive name is on the west side of the divide, below Ivanhoe; and as one looks out of the car window, down, down, down thousands of feet to the Roaring Fork of the Colorado, it makes him feel as if he were sliding down the roof of the world, and he wonders when he will reach the eaves.

In the middle of the new tunnel two drops of water may fall from the roof, one of which may find its way east through the Arkansas to the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic, and the other west through the Colorado to the Gulf of California and the Pacific. There is other mountain scenery that is grand, but nowhere except on the great divide does one get the uplifting sense of being on the very ridge-pole of North America. It is a peculiar sensation, not just like anything else I have ever felt, and it is worth going a good many miles to get.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PLATT.

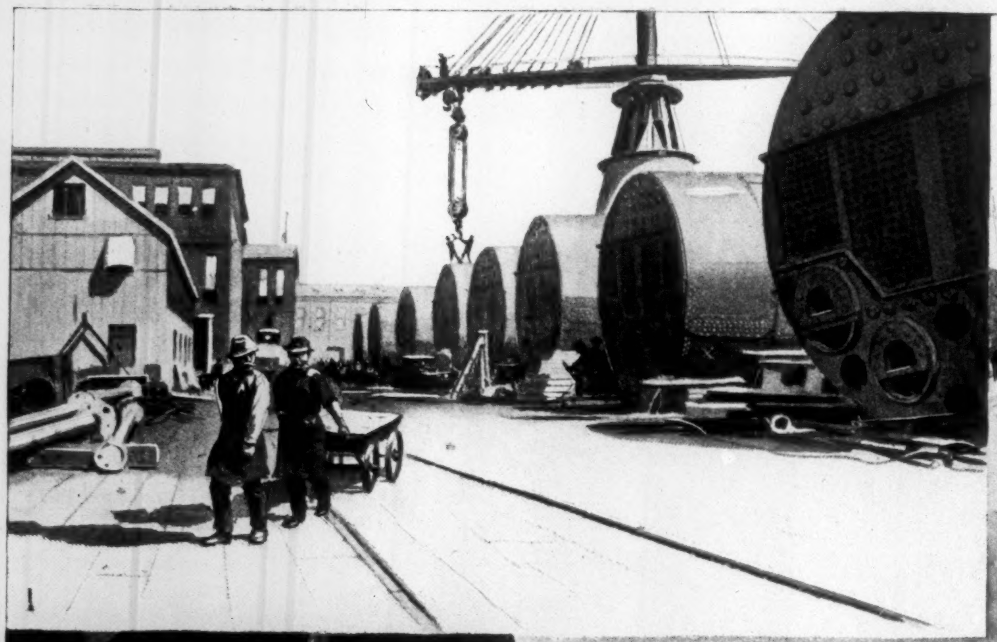
# BUILDING A GREAT SHIP.

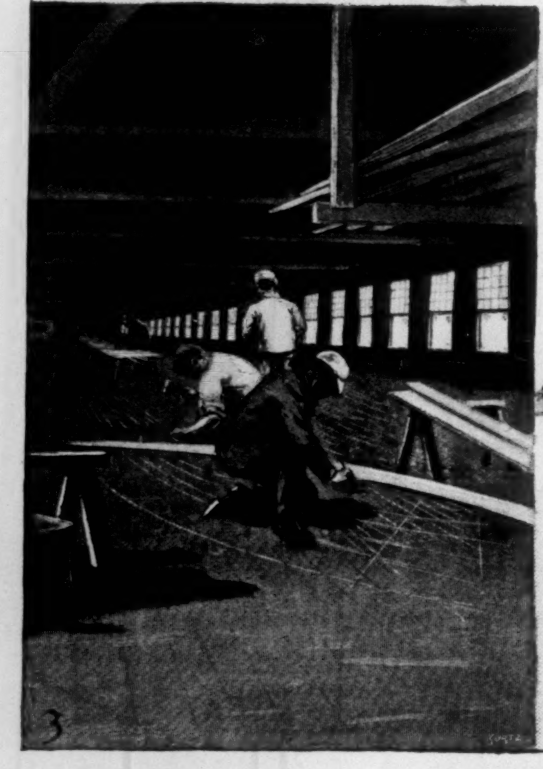
BY JULIAN RALPH.

WHO would ever have imagined that a great ship—a modern wonder of the sea like the *Paris* or the *Camperdown*—is built as a woman makes a dress, or a tailor cuts out a suit of clothes? That is the fact. Ships nowadays are built from patterns, and those patterns do not greatly differ in appearance or in fact from those which the publishers of HARPER'S BAZAR send out every week to enable American women to copy the fashions in dress. To be sure, a tailor's and a dressmaker's patterns are made of paper, and are laid upon cloth or dress goods, while a ship-builder's patterns are of wood, and steel and iron are made to follow them. That is perhaps the greatest difference between the methods of high-grade tailoring and high-grade ship-building, so far as their first steps go.

From the greatest of American ship-yards I got the bare knowledge to enable me to describe, in what is intended to be the simplest way, this latter-day manner of constructing the great sea-going navies of commerce and war. The greatest American ship-yard is popularly known as "Cramp's," though legally its name is "The William Cramp & Sons' Ship and Engine Building Company of Philadelphia." I chose it for the study required for this article because it is the largest concern of its kind, and I found afterward that it is one of the five large yards of the world, the other great ones being in England. "Cramp's" is on the Delaware River, next door, so to speak, to the historic spot where William Penn made his treaty with the Indians, and in the very thick of Philadelphia. "Cramp's" has been "Cramp's" for sixty-three years. The yard comprises twenty-four acres, and has a water-front of 1229 feet. It includes a dry-dock and marine railway, an ordnance-work, an engine-building plant, and all the parts of a complete ship-building yard for steel vessels. Nearly five thousand men are regularly employed there. The yard has been the principal seat of the work of constructing our new navy, and one may see there to-day the battle-ships *Indiana* and *Massachusetts*, the triple-screw cruiser *Minneapolis*—sister ship to the *Columbia*—the armored cruiser *Brooklyn*, and the sea-going battle-ship *Iowa* for our navy, and four new American liners to serve as sisters to the *New York* and *Paris* on the great ferry between Southampton and New York—all in such varying stages of construction that the complete process of modern ship-building is there laid out as in one complete object-lesson.

There are differences in the way ships are ordered of a builder, and these differences greatly vary the first steps in their construction. The government, for instance, in ordering a war-vessel, goes into very minute details, comprising a great mass of specifications, drawings, and even a model in some instances, whereas when a private shipping company orders a passenger or freight ship it is apt to order what it needs in the most broadly general way, leaving all the details to the builder. For instance, when the government ordered the armored cruiser *Brooklyn* it sent with the order a set of written requirements that would fill nearly seven columns of HARPER'S WEEKLY, and in addition it sent specifications for the inspection of the steel material entering into the work so carefully worded and so comprehensive as to constitute eight such columns of reading matter. On the other hand, when the Red D Line ordered its steamship *Venezuela*, a ship of nearly the length of one of our naval cruisers, the steamship-owners simply sent a memorandum of about four hundred words, giving the dimensions required, stipulating that the hull should be built "according to the rules of British Lloyds, highest class," describing the principal characteristics required for the boilers and engines, and stating the terms upon which the vessel would be paid for. Some orders for ships a[illegible] even more simple, and the Cramps would be abl[illegible] an order satisfactorily if their customers simply sa[illegible] we want a steamer for the South American trade, to be first class in all respects, to be of a certain length, width, and draught, and to carry a specified number of first-cabin and second-cabin passengers, and as much freight as room can be made for."





THE BUILDING OF A GREAT SHIP AT THE CRAMP & SONS' S

1. Boilers for Battle-Ships. 2. Finishing Touches to a big Ship in Dry-dock. 3. A Bit of the Mould Loft. 4. Depo

To do away with confusing differences in the way ships are ordered, and to describe the general process of steel ship building, will be the better way to arrive at the purpose of this article. In a word, accuracy—mathematical exactness and precision in every detail—is the dominant feature of the master ship-builder's methods. Wherever engineering and architecture are concerned or approached in modern workmanship to-day the main process is carried out on paper and with figures. Time was when men drew a picture of a house, and other men copied it in wood. Other men laid a keel upon a river-bank, and built up a ship above it. But that was when "time was." When I went to Chicago to describe the building of the World's Fair I was surprised to find that the architects and their assistants actually built the palaces of the great White City upon paper. The only things they did not order and indicate upon their plans were the nail holes or nail heads where wood joined wood. Where iron-work was concerned they did lay down the rivet holes, so that in that case nothing was left to the option or taste or will of the workmen. Not only were all the beams and posts and girders drawn upon the final plan-sheets, but the actual laths that sheathed the walls and filled in the spaces between the beams were drawn to scale upon the innumerable scrolls that preceded the work of the mechanics. There was no chance to cripple the work upon the white palaces by a workmen's strike. The plans enabled the architects to order all the material cut and shaped at the saw-mill, and any man who could drive a nail or manipulate a screw-driver could put the pieces together in imitation of the drawings before him.

In a general way this is the fact about latter-day ship-building, and it is particularly the fact at Cramp's, because at that establishment the president is not a salaried figure-head or financier, with a figure-head's dependence upon the skilled labor that the firm's money can hire. He is the master ship-builder of the concern. He is to be pardoned if he says that the head of a ship-yard should be the head-workman in it, and should represent the second generation at the work, because such is the fact in his case. And these conditions have worked wonders. The present head is Charles H. Cramp; and his father, William Cramp, founded the business in 1830. He was born in a ship-building suburb of Philadelphia, and at sixteen years of age became apprenticed to Samuel Grice, a famous ship-builder. After learning his trade, William Cramp followed the life of a journeyman until he was twenty-three years of age, and then established a yard of his own on the Delaware. His experience is part of the record of the great yard of to-day, and his growth is part of its growth. He began by building a hundred wooden vessels—sloops, schooners, ships, tug-boats, and steamboats. In 1871 he promoted himself to the work of building transatlantic liners for an American company, and followed that by building some cruisers for Russia. That was in the Centennial year. In 1871 the work of building with wood ended at that yard, and since then all the work has been with iron and steel. William Cramp died in 1879, but lived long enough to direct the development of the yard into a modern iron and steel ship building concern which had excelled in the old-style wooden work, and had advanced naturally to the higher modern methods.

Charles H. Cramp says that the wooden model is still the basis of the finest work in ship-building. With that fact we depart instantly and diametrically from the modern methods in architecture with which a moment ago I sought to illustrate the latter-day reliance on mathematics and pen-and-ink plans. But we shall see that the departure is only partial and momentary. The wooden model was the basis of the shape of the wooden ships as it is to-day of the steel ones, and if it is of inestimable value to be of a second generation of ship-builders, it is in this practice in model-making that we find an unbroken thread running from the first work of the first generation to the last work of the second.

The English have only lately begun to value the model as the basis of ship-building. A famous American ship-builder says that the model of the yacht *America* was the first model he ever saw in England. That accounts for the absence of beauty in English ships, which even to this day possess varying degrees of ugliness, but no beauty. For though they make models to-day, the mere making of them does not suffice. The art and appreciation of model-making must be instinctive. The French and Spanish from the earliest times made beautiful ships and models, and when one of these ships fell into the hands of the English they adopted and used her if possible, or if she was too much damaged they took her apart, piece by piece, and built a new ship like her by copying the exact shape of each part of her in new material. Curiously enough, we Americans have always made beautiful ships—well-proportioned, artistic in every line, while satisfactory in an equal degree for all practical purposes. I am quoting a leading ship-builder in all this, in amplification of Mr. Cramp's statement that the wooden model is still, as in his father's day, the key-note to which a truly excellent ship must be tuned.

A model is made in a way that seems queer to the average layman, who doubtless suspected that it was whittled into shape out of a block of wood, as we boys used to whittle our blocks at the age when all of us were ship-builders. It is not done so. After an order has been received for a certain kind of ship, the plans for it are drawn upon paper. Mr. Lewis Nixon, the famous constructor for the Cramps, tells me that very early in the process he makes a picture of the ship as he wants it to look; but though he does so, others may not consider it essential. At all events, apart from any drawing, the needed dimensions and lines are developed upon paper, and then the model is made, and the president of the company begins to take very active interest in the work. The model is made in the shape of a block, formed of a number of pieces of wood glued together. These pieces represent the different curves of one side of the ship, from the keel to the gunwale—the different water-lines, is how the builders express it. To understand this, the reader must imagine a ship made of solid wood. Imagine that cut in half lengthwise, and then imagine one half laid on its side and cut into slices. The pen-and-ink calculations and plans produce the shape of the ship, and from these it is possible to obtain the outline and dimensions of every slice or plane between the bottom and the top. Each plane is measured and drawn in outline on a board, and the outline is dented or cut in the board with a sharp tool. All the boards or pieces of wood are then glued together, and a simple-looking block is made—a block that shows nothing of its true nature except that the top of it bears the graven outline of the top deck or gunwale-line of a ship. Out of that simple square block will come the egg which is to hatch the splendid ship that is to be.

That block, made up of slices, each with its dented outline of a different plane of the ship, is now cut away, much as we boys used to cut our block, but with this difference: each board is cut exactly to the dented or graven line upon its surface. The shape the block will have when all the superfluous wood is cut away will be the model of the ship that was designed by the engineer on paper to fill the requirements of the customer's order. But will that model stand? Will the master-builder be satisfied with its lines? Will it do to be enlarged in steel, and sent around the world as an example of what the Cramps consider the most beautiful and artistic and useful shape such a ship should have? No; such a first model next to never suits the modeller—who in this case is Mr. Charles H. Cramp. He hacks into it with fervor. He tapers the bow. He digs away the stern. He shaves the whole model with the nice and dainty touches of a sculptor at work upon a statue on which is to rest his boast that he is a true artist. The fate of the wooden block alters the figures of the engineer's plans.

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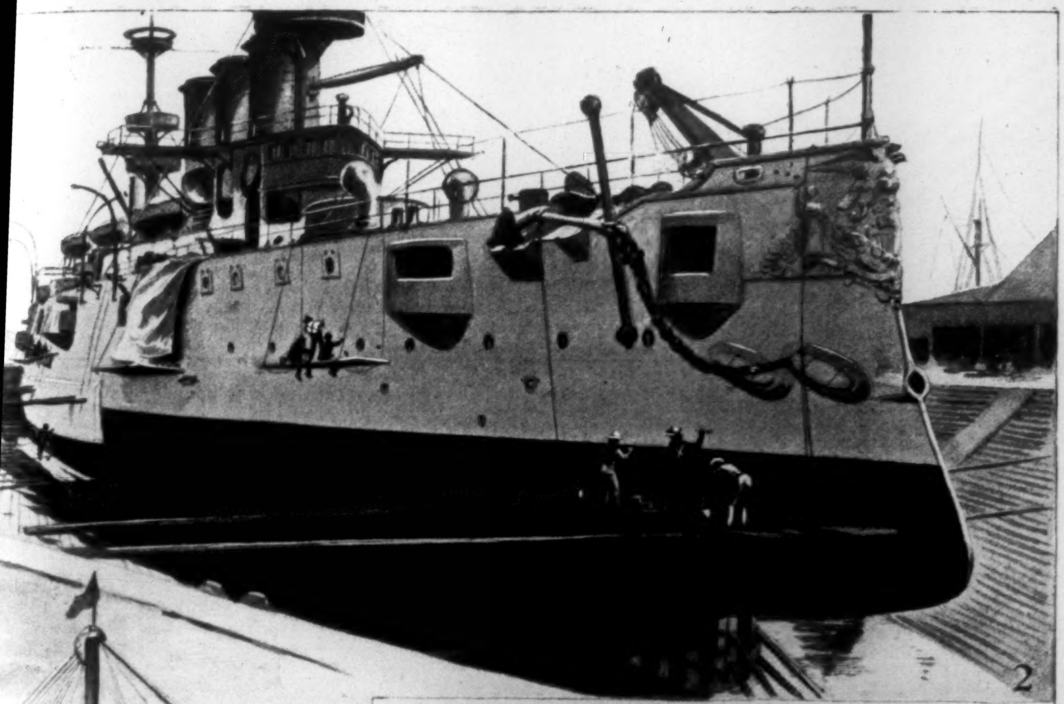
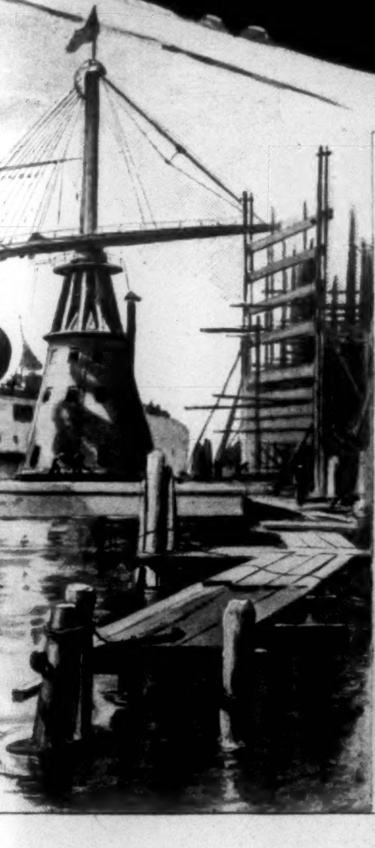




SHIP-YARD, PHILADELPHIA.—Drawn by F. Cresson Schell.

positing a 73-Ton Boiler in the Hold of the *Massachusetts*. 5. Iron Floor on which the Metal is Worked.

aps the alteration is such that new drawings and a new model w. Thus, by borrowing and lending, the two soon agree; and the two—the model and the plans—the ship will be built. etimes a model is on the scale of a quarter of an inch to each of the ship, but the scale differs with different builders.

e have been speaking of the drawings. They also are pecul- Suppose that the Ward Line of Cuban steamers wanted a steel steamship, to be a good serviceable vessel of 3000 tons ster, with a sea speed of 14 knots, to accommodate 50 cabin 200 steerage passengers, and to carry as much freight as pos- . The constructor would calculate that he wanted a vessel feet long, with 42 feet beam and 21 feet draught, and the hull irements for 2500 indicated horse-power engines. First he ld lay down a base-line which he would call 350 feet long. It ld be nothing but a straight line. To this he would add a n-line, not exactly in the centre of the base-line, but a little ard of it, for in our days it is there that the ships are widest. t he would draw in an outline of one side of the ship, be- careful to see that from end to end it matched exactly the th of the base-line. Next he would draw the so-called water- , or outside curve-lines of the hull, above and below the true r-line—the same planes or slices that were graven on the es of wood which went to form the model block. Either sep- ely or on top of all these lines he would then draw a midship on of the ship, showing her frames, as ship-builders now call ip's ribs, and also necessarily showing her width and outlines ey would be if she were cut in half, as ships of even moderate have to be to pass through the northern canals into the Great es. The peculiarity of this midship section, as a constructor ld draw it, is that on one side of a line drawn through the lle are the ribs that go from the waist to the bow, and on the r side are the crookeder ribs that fill the space between the lle and the stern.

hen these three plans are elaborated to the fullest extent—as ne when the model and the cardinal lines agree—the work aking the patterns begins. This is done in the mould-room immense loft which has its floor for a blackboard. Time when the only lines that were laid down were marked and ured upon the mould-room floor, but now the greater number ips are built first with pen and ink on paper. The mould- at Cramp's is 240 feet long by 60 feet wide. One would suppose, after reading how the ship is drawn on the floor before a hammer is raised or a plate is cut, that they would have a loft as long and wide as a ship. But the cruisers *Brooklyn* and *Columbia* are 400 feet or more in length, and the new American liners are to be 525 feet in length, while the available space in the Cramp loft is not above 210 feet. As far as the width is concerned, it is a giant that is more than 70 feet wide, and since only half the width serves for drawing the ribs of both sides of a ship, the loft is more than wide enough. Half a ship answers for the whole, because if you split one in two lengthwise, you will find that the skeleton of one half is a duplicate of that of the other. Whole ships are built in that way—from half patterns.

The ship that is to be built is laid out with chalk on a portable floor, made in sections 10 feet wide and 12 feet long, laid on the true floor of the mould-loft. Several measurements of the ship are laid down, and these must prove, or tally, with one another. First there is the sheer plan for obtaining length and height. Then there is the plan of the water-lines—slices of the ship parallel with the water-line, giving length and breadth. Then there is the plan of the diagonals, obtained by imaginary lines drawn obliquely from her centre to her side. Then there is the body plan, containing all lines indicating height and breadth. When all these agree they and their results are correct. It is easy then to lay out upon the floor the ribs or frames as they rise from the keel to the gunwale. The queer thing is that all of them are drawn together, one inside the other, so that in looking at the plan you see the outlines of a ship cut in two in the middle, and then filled full of ribs, as boxes are built in nests by the Chinese. To put it in another way, you see the ribs as if the ship had been squeezed flat by pressure applied to both ends. But it must be remembered that on one side of the great life-size plan, so to speak, the ribs are those that begin at the middle and go to the stern, while on the other side are those that follow one another from the middle to the bow.

These lines are the outer lines of the ribs, and when they are drawn and proved they are scratched into the movable floor. They then form what we may call the plan for the paper pattern, from which only one ship is to be cut out, but from which ten thousand or ten million ships could be cut if ships were in general use like ready-made clothing. Now men come with plenty of thin soft-pine wood (in pieces five-eighths of an inch thick), and they cut out in wood the line that represents each rib. It is nice work to make these wooden ribs exactly follow the curves on the floor; but it is only the outside edge of the wood that must match the line, and behind that edge they may strengthen the rib and make it stiff and firm in what way they please. There is some especially nice work to be done in laying out the two ends, where there are oddly shaped bits that connect the skeleton with the stem-post and stern-post. But when this little is done, the hull of the ship is practically done; for after the ribs are set upon the keel there is nothing more to do to make a floating-box than to nail on the plates, which reach from rib to rib. However, in actual fact there is from a year to three years of work ahead of us.

The wooden frames are taken down stairs to a place where there is a great level iron floor. This is also laid in sections. Each section is closely perforated with equidistant holes. Into these holes plugs that look like great hob-nails can be fitted. A wooden frame is laid down, and the curve of its front edge is drawn on the iron floor. It is then taken up, and pegs are set in the holes so that the head of each one will just touch the line on the floor. The heads are of such widely different sizes and shapes that one can be found to fit the line at each point, and when all the pegs are in they mark the exact course of the line, that is to say, the exact shape of a rib of a ship. To follow the process with one rib is to describe the making of all of them. The pegs being in place, the steel for the rib is heated to a cherry-red heat, and is then brought out and laid on the floor with one end to one end of the curved line of pegs. The free end is then swung rapidly and violently (by the strength of many men) against the whole line of pegs, and is thus shaped in a general loose way by the resistance offered by the wall of pegs. With heavy crescent-shaped irons called "moons" the men then press against the pegs those parts of the frame which have not precisely followed the line. Thus the material follows the pattern. But absolute accuracy is not certain, for the wooden pattern may have shrunk, and the iron itself may slightly alter its shape when it cools. Therefore it is cooled and laid on the original drawing on the wood floor, and if it fails to "jibe" exactly with any point or part of the line, other irons, also called "moons," are laid against it (curved side out), and the rib is hammered into exact obedience.

Thus the ribs are built, and thus are built the deck-beams, and any other parts that need to follow such a process. The stem and stern posts are cast, the keels are built of steel plates, riveted together, and the outside plates and deck plates are first drawn on paper, and then ordered of the makers. The wooden model is used to obtain the sizes and shapes of the outside plates, its sides being marked off, and the results magnified according to the scale of the model. If the vessel is a war-ship the government furnishes the armor-plates.

Amid a forest of poles the keel is laid. It is laid on blocks of yellow pine, of such a thickness as to allow the workmen to pass freely under it at all times. The blocks, having to support an enormous weight, are laid on a firm foundation of piling. The work is done so that the stern shall be nearest the water, and so that the blocks shall form parts of a plane inclined toward the water, for from them the ship is to be launched. The blocks must also form an exact duplicate of the mould of the keel, which follows its peculiar sweep. For this the drawings and the wooden pattern are required, as in the case of the other parts of the ship that have been described. There are bar keels like the old wooden ones, and there are box keels also, but the growing practice is to make the keels flat to follow the shape of the hull. Short projections at each bilge are added to the hull to moderate rolling at sea. The old backbone sort of keel was an aid to the sails. It held the ship against the wind. With steam the need for that has gone.

The first frame or rib to be ra[illegible]d is the most important. It is the midship frame, and the w[illegible] midship section follows it. Derricks raise and lower the [illegible]at steel ribs into place, and the forest of poles gradually grows into a gigantic web of scaffolding as frame after frame goes up. The position of each frame is regulated by nice measurement, and as each goes in place it is bolted to the "rib-bands"—four-inch planks that follow the length and curve of the hull. The scaffolding, which is also supported by the poles, is used to give access to the ship at different heights. As the frames multiply above the keel, the work on the bottom frame accompanies them, and presently the plating begins. Indeed, the putting on of the plates and the work of building the deck frames inside go on simultaneously. By one method the plates are preceded by wooden patterns or moulds. These are put up of a size a little larger than need be, and then marked where they need trimming. The rivet holes are also marked upon them. These moulds are then guides for the trimming and holing of the plates. If the plates need much shaping, moulds are made of soft iron and shaped properly, and then the steel plates are taken to the furnace and heated so as to be bent like the moulds. When the plates are put up they are merely temporarily adjusted with bolts. The bulkheads that subdivide the ship are being patterned and reproduced in steel and put in place, and work on the deck frames is going on, while the riveters pursue their noisy work of fastening the plates permanently in their places. The rivets are heated red-hot in little furnaces, and boys pass them in that condition to the riveters. After the rivets are all driven a man tests each one with a hammer. All that he finds satisfactory are painted red. All that are loose are cut out and replaced by new ones.

As soon as the main structure or complete skeleton is finished the thick wooden decks—of three or four inch wood—are laid and fastened with bolts that are sunk in the deck and covered by plugs of wood. At last the great massive stem and stern posts, cast of steel, each in one piece, are set up, and the keel plates are worked to fit them, and then are riveted to them. And so the ship is quickly made ready for launching, the main work upon her having been done by hand, just as it used to be in the "good old days" of wooden bottoms. She now stands like a huge shapely box of steel in the heart of a maze of timbers, poles, and scaffolding. She is freed from these. She is supported by a great number of props against her sides, as well as by the blocks beneath her keel. To quote an officer of the Cramp's corporation: "Before launching we must lift her from the keel blocks, and the props must be taken away, in order that she may be supported in an entirely different manner by the launchingways. These are twofold—the groundways and the sliding or bilge ways. The groundways are made by putting a track on each side of the ship, the tracks being laid on piling and blocks, and built to reach well down into the water. The slidingways are laid on the groundways, with tallow and oil between them, and the space between the ship's bottom and the slidingways is filled with a packing of wood. Wedges are driven between the slidingways and the packing, and this lifts the ship up till she is supported on the new ways. Then it is that the keel blocks and side props are taken away. The upper ends of the slidingways are bolted to the groundways, and that it is which holds the ship in place. When

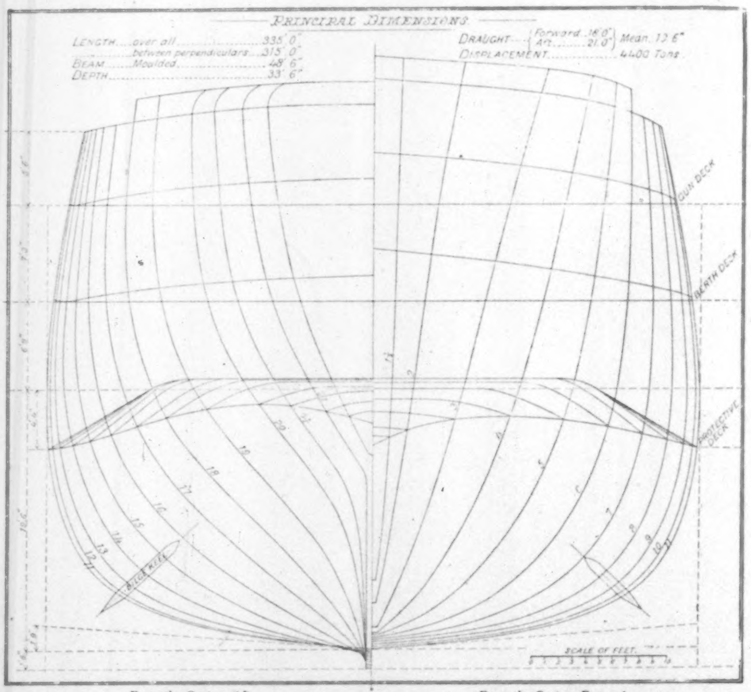
IN CRAMP'S SHIP-YARD.
Showing Cruiser *Minneapolis* on the Stocks, and Keel for one of the new American Liners.

this bolted end is sawed off, the ship slides into the water, and is launched."

To the men who build the ships each new launching seems "the most ticklish and anxious moment of their lives." It is the nicest, most careful, and most delicate work of all to launch an ocean mammoth successfully. Full responsibility for all that has been created is held before them, as in a balance, and when the moment comes the crisis comes with it, and with a rush. She must be nicely ballasted; the weather must be just right, or the tallow may harden. She may have to be forced off with "jacks," or she may capsize, or any one of twenty dreaded things may happen.

Important as are the boilers and engines of any ship, and wondrous as this modern machinery has become, there is not space here to go into a description of the manufacture of these parts of a vessel. Suffice it that even as soon as the keel of a great ship is laid the work upon the boilers begins. For as early as the constructor's plans enabled him to do so he gave to the engineer drawings of the parts of the ship to be allotted to her machinery. For war-ships the engineer considers economy of weight and space. For the great transatlantic liners his first thought is to combine power with economy in coal consumption. The boilers he builds are enormous works in metal, and no sooner is the ship launched than she is taken to the "sheers" or cranes which are to lift and drop down in her these great cylinders of steel, for the admission of which ample openings in the decks have been arranged. The engines follow—these also being prodigious monuments of human ingenuity—and then the last workmen set to work and put in the beautifully fitted joiner-work of the cabins and saloons, and in case of a war-vessel the armor, the turrets, the guns, and all the rest.

A wooden gunboat was once built and launched at Cramp's in sixty days. The swift new American liners, whose keels have just been laid, will be finished in May or June, 1895—in less than two years. War-ships have to wait upon the armor-makers. The cruiser *New York* was built in three years.




From the Centre—Aft. From the Centre—Forward.

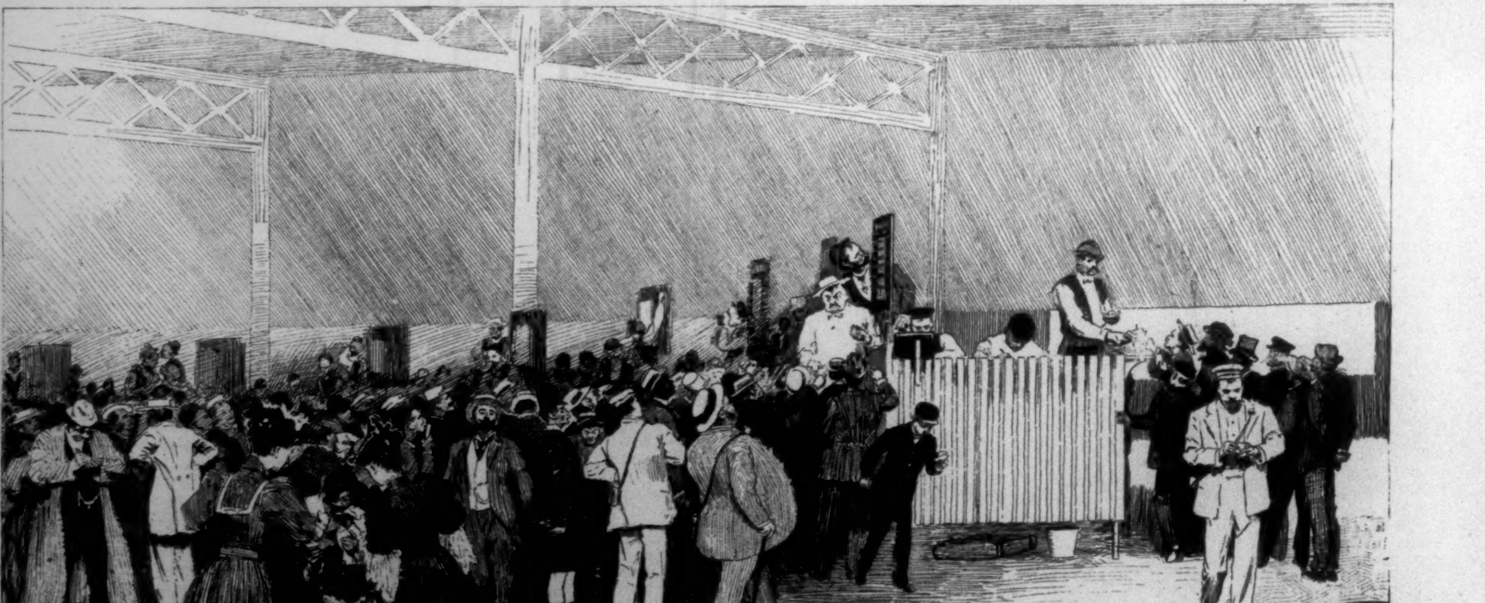
MIDSHIP SECTION OF A GREAT SHIP, SHOWING HER FRAMES, WIDTH, AND OUTLINES.

## THE PROFITS OF BOOK-MAKERS.

RACING in America is not in as good repute as it was some years ago. It has now become a regular business instead of a sport, and the book-makers of the betting-ring probably have more to say in managing races than any other class of men. These book-makers are not only owners of horses, but owners and managers of race-tracks. They make the laws of the racing world, and break those laws whenever it suits them. A more idiotic idea never existed in the world than that a man by persistent betting and "good luck" could overcome the percentage that the book-makers have in their favor. Davis, sometimes called the "Leviathan of the English betting-ring"—a man who has been known to pay wagers of forty thousand pounds without turning a hair—once said in regard to the successes of a notorious American who betted almost unprecedentedly large amounts, that these successes made no difference to the ring, as in a little while all of the money won would find its way back to the book-makers. If this is the case in England, it is very much more the case in America. The volume of betting is larger there than here, and therefore the rate of taxation for the benefit of the book-makers is smaller. It is easy to understand that book-makers are not in the business for the mere pleasure of it. They make their books because there is profit in it, and the profit is just as sure as in anything else regulated by arithmetic. A book-maker at an ordinary track pays a license of $100 a day, and at least $50 a day to his clerks and assistants. He must therefore have such a percentage in his favor that he can at least clear $150 a day for expenses. He of course endeavors to do a great deal more than this, and probably nine out of ten tax the bettors in the neighborhood of $400 or $500 a day. It is a very easy matter to do this. Every bet that is made is recorded by a clerk, who keeps the book-maker informed as to how he stands with reference to any one horse, and the book-maker will not take bets on any horse to an amount that would wipe out his winnings on the others in the race.

The book-maker is not necessarily a gambler, nor does he bet against the public; he is merely an agent through which the public bets. Of course many book-makers are gamblers on their own account. If this were not so there would not be so many scandals on the turf, nor would we ever hear of a book-maker becoming bankrupt. To the ordinary observer a book-maker at a race-track appears to be conducting his business in a very haphazard way, but as a matter of fact his clerks within the little enclosure where they sit are keeping very close tally of all the operations, and each time a bet of any magnitude is recorded the book-maker is told exactly how he stands with reference to the horse bet upon and the other horses in the race. He regulates his future proceedings accordingly. For instance, say he is giving odds of 2 to 1 against the favorite in a race. Wagers aggregating $1000 have been made on that horse. He stands to lose $2000 if the favorite wins. If his bets on the other horses in the race do not produce a larger sum than this, he at once lowers his rate on the favorite, giving, say, 1 or 1½ to 1 against. This causes bettors to avoid him so far as the favorite is concerned, and he only books bets upon the other horses in the race, until the proportions are to his liking. It is not necessary for him to be a judge of horses, or bother about them in the least; he can make money much more surely if he regulates his bets purely by mathematics than by judgment as to form and condition of racers.

If men must bet on horse-races, it would probably be better and more in their favor if the book-makers regulated the odds entirely according to the amount of money placed on each horse. Then the bettors would merely be paying to the book-maker a certain percentage for his services in clearing the bets. But, as has been said before, many book-makers are also horse-owners and race-track-owners. Under such



THE BOOK-MAKER.—DRAWN BY CHARLES BROUGHTON.

circumstances it can be readily believed that they have every facility to win the money of bettors without giving the latter any chance whatever. Say that a book-maker or an owner in league with a book-maker has a horse of great speed and endurance. The book-maker causes this horse to be beaten repeatedly by inferior animals. The race-going public concludes that the horse is not nearly so good as had been thought. This conviction having been arrived at, the book-maker puts him in a race; the public bets heavily upon other horses, the book-maker giving all kinds of odds, so as to induce heavy betting. Then in the race his horse or the horse he controls is cut loose, and wins not only the stake or purse, but all the money in the book. The men who go into the business of book-making are not, as a rule, persons of the highest moral sense. The legitimate profit from a book made with mathematical exactness should be great enough to satisfy the desires of any well-regulated man. But the chances in favor of making a large sum out of one race, by methods rightly considered to be disreputable, are so great that it is a most exceptional book-maker who will not go into a combination or conspiracy to deceive and rob the public. At an ordinary race-meeting there are fifty book-makers in the ring. Sometimes there are as many as eighty. When there are fifty, the expenses of these book-makers are $7500 a day, or $112,500 for a meeting of fifteen days. Now, it is absolutely necessary for these book-makers to tax the bettors during the meeting $112,500. Each book-maker, of course, tries to make a good deal more than expenses, and if they all succeed, the tax would be at least $225,000 during each meeting of fifteen days. If we should add to this amount $200,000 as the amount won by the book-makers, not as mathematicians, but as gamblers, we should come to something near the amount that the book-makers exact from the public at each race-meeting of fifteen days. This $425,000 only represents the amount of money that the book-makers take from the public in an ordinary race-meeting. It is probable that there is a small and select ring of bettors who win at pretty nearly every meeting. Certainly these winnings must average $75,000 at each meeting. This would make a grand total of $500,000 that the public pays for the privilege of betting at a race-meeting of fifteen days. It would be hard to get at the volume of betting at each race-meeting, but half a million dollars is a very large sum of money, and a great many pocket-books have to be emptied to make it up. The ordinary visitor to a race-track probably pays, even though he have good fortune, a tax of ten per cent. upon all of his wagers. At this rate, taking five successful and five unsuccessful bets, the capital first invested is likely to be exhausted after ten races have been speculated upon.

There never has been a scheme devised by which large amounts of money can be taken from the public without rendering any consideration in return more certain and ingenious than book-making as at present conducted on American race-tracks. Faro-banks, lotteries, policy shops, and other gambling institutions are under the ban of the law; book-making on horse-races is the only survivor permitted by the law. Racing, no doubt, has done great good in encouraging breeders to improve the breed of horses, but there is not much question in the minds of disinterested men who know how racing is now conducted that the evil done by it is out of all proportion to the good. Clerks, small wage-earners, cashiers, tradesmen of various kinds, professional men, blacklegs, pickpockets, and criminals of various kinds jostle and elbow each other in the betting-ring, excited with the hope of winning money without working for it. They all of them do win occasionally. This flatters the hope, and so they keep it up, though the chances are as 1000 to 1 that in ten days every mother's son of them will have lost five times as much as has been gained. If the breed of horses cannot be improved without racing, and if racing cannot be conducted without book-making, then it would be better to let the breed of horses retrograde, if book-making or betting cannot be regulated by some law which would place a limit upon the tax to which bettors are subjected.

## WHAT CAUSED H.M.S. "VICTORIA" TO CAPSIZE?

### A SEAMAN'S QUERY.

Success or failure, victory or defeat—these depend in almost every case of battle or danger upon the rapid action of human judgment, on a supreme military or naval skill, on an experience ripened in the school of danger, where all depends on the right action in the one little moment of suspense, where life or death, glory or disaster, hover in the balance.

Perhaps no greater or more wearing responsibility rests on human minds than upon the commanders of ships and squadrons at sea. The greatest care of all is the feeling of responsibility for life committed to the hands of the commander. Property may be replaced, losses of material repaired, but in disaster, in the darkness of the night, in danger everywhere, the directing mind must care for all, for discipline and authority place the weal or woe of all in his hands. Therefore it may be almost called an axiom that "the commander must be always right." Because being and doing right means safety, and the contrary peril and disaster.

Since iron and steel have been used for the construction of ships, it is safe to say that all thinking commanders constantly try to find solutions for the problems that sudden and possible disaster may present to them, so as to have their minds prepared to act suddenly and properly in case of imminent peril. Given an iron or steel ship, construction tries its best to make the fabric unsinkable. All preventive measures are used that can be conceived. The costly whole is turned over to the captain, and all the non-sinkable devices are fully and intelligently understood. Furthermore, all the means of drill and action that can be conceived are practised to make these devices certain in their action. The commander feels measurably certain of his ship, yet progress upon the sea is full of unheralded dangers, and so the directing mind is constantly busy thinking what to do in supreme moments.

It is probably true that nearly all captains in command of costly ships have always in their minds, when near the shore, the thought that in case of collision or any other danger, making possible the sinking of the ship, the proper thing to save life and property would be to get the ship ashore as soon as possible, where she cannot sink, and where it may be possible to save her. In fogs often, in the darkness of the night, with swift steamships all about, how often does the thought keep uppermost in the captain's mind, "If some ship runs into me, how can I reach the beach before she sinks?" So do sailors often find the land a menacing danger or an embracing friend, under different circumstances.

A great fleet of modern ironclads, exercising in a smooth sea, clear weather, land near, no enemies to fear, directed by an able distinguished officer, every ship under complete command, and unexpected disaster comes like lightning, and before one could realize the fact an immense battle-ship has gone to the bottom of the sea, keel up, and three hundred and sixty men and officers have perished—a disaster so appalling that the world shudders in amazement and grief that this should be possible.

The fatal signals, all the possible causes that could have led to the collision, have been exhaustively discussed and inquired into. These are issues that probably contain their own solution; but the question naturally arises, what caused this great ship to capsize so suddenly and drown so many people?

To a landsman this question may seem easy of solution, but to seamen it is more than important. In all the great fleet of which H.M.S. *Victoria* was flag-ship, I think every captain would have in his mind, in case of sudden accident to the bottom of his ship, the advisability of running her on shore, if the shore was near, as it was in this case, and it doubtless was fully in the mind of Sir George Tryon when he made signal not to send boats and headed his ship for the shore at full speed. Here was a probable consensus of opinion in which nearly every sea commander will join. The question that presents itself at this time is, was that the best course to pursue under the circumstances?

Let us all, once and for all, disclaim any desire to criticise those devoted men who so nobly did their duty, and perished in doing it. If a mistake was made and a disaster ensued, it is past. We can only offer sympathy, wider than nationality, as broad as the brotherhood of humanity; but if from this great and sad object-lesson we can find something to guide us in the future, let us all go to school and learn if we can.

It seems that the *Camperdown* struck the *Victoria* a glancing blow, which is supposed to have thrown several compartments into one, permitting sufficient water to enter the ship to destroy her stability and to capsize her. She was headed for the shore at full speed as soon as possible. Please notice this fact: The motion of the ship against the water must have driven it into the opening with great force. The wound is understood to have been between the waist and the bow. The water entering into the several compartments caused an accumulated weight at that point, bearing the ship down, lower and lower, instant by instant, presenting an increasing barrier against progress; and forcing the great mass of the ship on to this barrier were the powerful screws revolving at full speed. Down she goes at the resisting point until her equilibrium is overcome, then she capsizes entirely, perhaps forced to her sudden and terrible doom by her very efforts to escape it.

Now what would have been the result if the *Victoria* had been *backed* while her boats were being made ready, and other boats called? She would have backed away from the entering water, instead of forcing herself upon it, and it is possible that all, or nearly all, could have been saved, although, doubtless, the noble ship was wounded beyond possible salvation.

Where is the lesson from all this? I submit to seamen that it might be taken as a general rule that from a wound in the forepart of the ship it is well, at first anyhow, to go astern, and from a wound aft go ahead. I submit this for discussion as to the proper first action in case of disaster, where instants may bear salvation or destruction to many valuable lives.

C. H. Rockwell,
Commander United States Navy.

## THE LATEST BRAZILIAN REBELLION.

It is not easy to unravel the tangled skein of Brazilian politics, and find the actual causes of the rebellion now going on. An average of one a year is a pretty interesting record in rebellions for a country so recently shaking off a government apparently well established, but curiosity pales when the most careful study fails to disclose any logical connection between the events that have crowded on each other so rapidly.

What we know is that nearly all the vessels of the Brazilian navy, under command of Admiral Custodio Mello, are in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, and from time to time bombard the forts on the shore, and occasionally the city itself, with more fury than effect. We know also that the President of Brazil, Floriana Peixoto, has bought heavy merchant vessels in this city, which are being fitted out as war-ships, and one at least, *El Cid*, has already sailed to give battle to Mello and his navy.

As Peixoto holds his office through a rebellion against Fonseca, who held his through a rebellion against Dom Pedro, it is difficult to see much preference in the matter of authority between the present contestants. But Peixoto is the head of the government *de facto*, and recognized by other governments. He is said to have the support of the army, and of the people of Rio, and as Mello has so far found no active friends on land, and is opposed by many of the chief officers of the navy, whom he displaced when he made his *coup*, the chances of his success are probably small. But he may leave Rio, and take his fleet southward, where the provinces of Rio Grande do Sul, Ceará, and Matto-Grosso have refused to acknowledge the Peixoto government, and in that case the future would be very dubious.

PRESIDENT PEIXOTO.

What seems clear as to the origin of the present quarrel is as follows: Admiral Mello last year visited Chile with the fleet, and invited the grandson of Dom Pedro, Dom Augustine, to accompany him. He gave many festivities, at which Dom Augustine was the honored guest, and when he sent in the account of his expenditures, payment was refused by the Secretary of the Navy, Admiral Ladario, a Radical. Thus began a bitter quarrel, which ended in Mello taking advantage of the absence of most of the superior officers of the navy at the opera in Rio to depose them, and to decree the deposition of Peixoto under threat of bombardment of the town. The fulfilment of the threat was prevented by the interposition of the naval commanders of foreign vessels in the harbor, but, as has been related, the forts have been pretty violently shot at. Neither party can hurt the other much; neither can be forced to give up, unless the new vessels of Peixoto may effect that end for Mello.

Admiral Mello is described as a gallant officer and a man of generous character. He is undoubtedly a friend of the late emperor; but there is no evidence that his course is approved by the Princess Isabel, the Comtesse d'Eu, daughter and heir of Dom Pedro. Nor is there much probability that the Orleans family, with whom that lady is connected, will care to complicate themselves with any attempt to recapture the shattered throne of Brazil, though that is not impossible. The unfortunate country has been the prey of the most reckless adventurers for the past three years, has seen its finances sadly bungled, and a large part of its business men impoverished, and has undergone infinite confusion and suffering; but it seems no more ready for a stable government than in 1890. Its population, widely scattered over its vast territory, is singularly various and inharmonious, differing in race, in religion, in habit, and character, and agreeing only in mutual dislike and in instability of purpose. So far as now appears, only a dictator of merciless will and extraordinary sagacity could at once preserve order and give the country a chance to develop; and for such a task neither the princess nor her husband appears fitted. President Peixoto has the distinct advantage of possession, but, as the action of Admiral Mello shows, this advantage is a very precarious one.

ADMIRAL MELLO.
The Insurgent Leader.

## THE ADVENTURES OF JONES.

### XII.—THE GREAT BRICK-YARD STRIKE.

"I suppose," said Robinson, rolling his cigar to the most comfortable angle, "that the maddest lot of folks in the country to-day are living near Wyckoffville, Nebraska, if what I read was so."

"What's the difficulty with them?" asked Jones.

"They tarred and feathered one of their neighbors the other night for some offence. He took it coolly, and asked them to make a good job of it. The result was that when they got through the fellow had a plumage nearly a foot thick. The next day he went to Omaha with his feathers still on, and began exhibiting himself in a dime museum at $50 a week."

This peculiar occurrence aroused the interest of Jackson Peters, and he expressed great admiration for the ingenuity of the feathered citizen. "Were you ever tarred and feathered by admiring neighbors, Jackson?" gravely inquired Jones.

"I have avoided that social attention so far," replied Peters, with extreme goo nature."

"You are young yet," returned Jones. "Your dues may yet be recognized. By-the-way, I would not be surprised if this Nebraska bird was the same man I knew out there in '78. The railroad company one day moved its depot building by hitching two or three spans of horses on one end of it and dragging it away. He was leaning against the other end of it at the time, resting, and of course when it was taken away he fell over, dislocating his shoulder. He sued the company, and got heavy damages, as he proved that it was well known that he leaned against the building from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. each day, and therefore they should have warned him that they were about to snatch away his natural support.

"But whether or not he was the same man, he evidently knows how to deal with large bodies of men. I remember when I lived at Hartford, Connecticut, several years ago, that I had a little experience with a mob myself. I was operating a large brick-yard near the city, and employed several hundred men. It was, in fact, the largest brick-yard in the world. I made nothing but the Jones Self-rising Brick. I may inform you right here that I was the originator of the idea of bricks without yeast. The Jones Peptonic Brick took first prize at Philadelphia. I am also the author of the *Jones Hygienic Brick Cook-Book*. It is intended for brick-makers, potters, tile and terra-cotta manufacturers, and producers of plaster-of-Paris Venus of Milos. If you have never seen a self-rising Venus of Milo you have missed a good deal.

"As I intimated, my men struck one summer. It was not a question of wages, but of green sun-umbrellas. They set up the claim that it was impossible to go about the yard mixing up the batter, setting the bricks to rise, pricking them with a broom straw to see if they were done, and otherwise carrying on the manufacture of first-class bricks in the hot sun without green umbrellas. I did not feel called upon to accede to their demands, feeling sure that a strike for fans and lemonade would follow, and the profits of the business would not warrant the outlay. The walking delegate called on me at my office, rested his unworn feet on my desk, and talked long and earnestly. I became tired at last, and as there seemed to be no other way to get rid of him, I dropped him out of the window. He struck the sidewalk with a loud report, and shortly after I heard the ominous clang of an ambulance gong. I anticipated trouble when I drove out to the yard that afternoon, and prepared myself for it.

"When I reached the yard I found everything in confusion. Two thousand bricks which were risen sufficiently and were ready to go into the oven lay on the ground untouched. The men were marching about carrying banners inscribed, 'Green Umbrellas or Blood,' 'We Know Our Rights,' 'Give Us Sunshades or Give Us Death,' 'The Self-rising Bricksmiths' Peptonic Union No. 36 Demands Sun-Umbrellas,' and so forth. I stood up on my carriage seat and tried to reason with them, but they would listen to nothing. They insisted that the sun was so hot that they must have umbrellas. They even refused to attend to the bricks which then needed baking without the umbrellas. Finally they set up a cry to lynch me, and began to close in on all sides. I pulled a large box of ground-glass goggles from under the seat, and said: 'Gentlemen, here are fifty dozen pairs of ground-glass goggles. Put them on and wear them, and it will always appear to be a cloudy day, and you will not feel the need of umbrellas.' They paused, recognized the value and reasonableness of my idea, put on the goggles, and returned to work. It is usually easy to handle a large body of men if you use a little tact. When the walking delegate got out of the hospital he put on two pairs of the goggles, and it made the landscape look so cold that he began wearing an overcoat as he rode about the country."

H. C.

*"She appeared to link the two men together."*

# THE BELL-RINGER OF ANGEL'S.

BY BRET HARTE.

## CHAPTER III.

IT was a week later that Madison Wayne and Mr. McGee were seen, to the astonishment of the Bar, leisurely walking together in the direction of the promontory. Here they disappeared, entering a damp fringe of willows and laurels that seemed to mark its limits, and gradually ascending some thickly wooded trail until they reached its crest, which, to Madison's surprise, was cleared and open, and showed an acre or two of rude cultivation. Here, too, stood the McGees' conjugal home—a small four-roomed house, but so peculiar and foreign in aspect that it at once challenged even Madison's abstracted attention. It was a tiny Swiss chalet, built in sections, and originally packed in cases—one of the early importations from Europe to California after the gold discovery, when the country was supposed to be a woodless wilderness. Mr. McGee explained with his usual laborious care how he had bought it at Marysville, not only for its picturesqueness, but because in its unsuggestive packing-cases it offered no indication to the curious miners, and could be put up by himself and a single uncommunicative Chinaman without any one else being aware of its existence. There was, indeed, something quaint in this fragment of Old World handicraft, with its smooth jointed panelling in two colors, its little lozenge fret-work, its lapped roof, overhanging eaves, and miniature gallery. Inartistic as Madison was—like most men of rigidly rectangular mind and principle—and accustomed to the bleak and economic sufficiency of the Californian miner's cabin, he was touched strangely by its novel grace and freshness. It reminded him of *her*; he had a new respect for this rough, sinful man, who had thus idealized his wife in her dwelling. Already a few Madeira vines and a Cherokee rose clambered up the gallery. And here Mrs. McGee was sitting.

In the face that she turned upon the two men, Madison could see, to his infinite embarrassment, that she was not expecting them, and even in the slight curiosity with which she glanced at her husband that evidently he had said nothing of his previous visit or invitation. And this conviction became certainty at Mr. McGee's first words.

"I've brought you an ole friend, Safie. He used to spark ye once at Angel's afore my time—he told me so. He picked ye outer the water here—he told me that, too. Ye mind that I said afore that he was the only man I wanted ter know. I reckon now it seems the square thing that he should be the one man you wanted ter know, too. You understand what I mean—you follow me—don't you?"

Whether or not Mrs. McGee *did* follow him, she exhibited neither concern, solicitude, nor the least embarrassment. An experienced lover might have augured ill from this total absence of self-consciousness. But Madison was not an experienced lover. He accepted her amused smile as a recognition of his feelings, trembled at the touch of her cool hand as if it had been a warm pressure, and scarcely dared to meet her maliciously laughing eyes. When he had followed Mr. McGee to the little gallery, the previous occupation of Mrs. McGee when they arrived was explained. From that slight elevation there was a perfect view over the whole landscape and river below; the Bar stretched out as a map at her feet; in that clear transparent air she could see every movement and gesture of Wayne's brother, all unconscious of that surveillance, at work on the bar. For an instant Madison's sallow cheek reddened, he knew not why; a remorseful feeling that he ought to be there with Arthur came over him. Mrs. McGee's voice seemed to answer his thought. "You can see everything that's going on down there without being seen yourself. It's good fun for me sometimes. The other day I saw young Carpenter hanging round Mrs. Rogers' cabin in the bush when old Rogers was away. And I saw her creep out and join him—never thinking any one could see her."

She laughed, seeking Madison's averted eyes, yet scarcely noticing his suddenly contracted brows. Mr. McGee alone responded.

"That's why," he said explanatorily to Madison, "I don't allow to have my Safie go round with those women. Not as I ever see anything o' that sort goin' on, or keer to look—but on gin'ral principles. You understand what I mean."

"That's your brother over there, isn't it?" said Mrs. McGee, turning to Madison, and calmly ignoring her husband's explanation, as she indicated the distant Arthur. "Why didn't you bring him along with you?"

Madison hesitated, and looked at McGee. "He wasn't asked," said that gentleman, cheerfully. "One's company; two's none. You don't know him, my dear, and this yer ain't a gin'ral invitation to the Bar. You follow me?"

To this Mrs. McGee made no comment, but proceeded to show Madison over the little cottage. Yet in a narrow passage she managed to touch his hand, lingered to let her husband precede them from one room to another, and once or twice looked meaningly into his eyes over McGee's shoulder. Disconcerted and embarrassed, he tried to utter a few commonplaces, but so constrainedly that even McGee presently noticed it. And the result was still more embarrassing.

"Look yer," he said, suddenly, turning to them both, "I reckon as how you two wanter talk over ole times, and I'll just meander over to the claim and do a spell o' work. Don't mind *me*. And if *he*," indicating Madison with his finger, "gets on ter religion, don't *you* mind him. It won't hurt you, Safie—no more nor my revolver—but it's pow'ful persuading. You understand me—you follow me? Well, so long."

He turned away quickly, and was presently lost among the trees. For an instant the embarrassed Madison thought of following him, but he was confronted by Mrs. McGee's wicked eyes and smiling face between him and the door. Composing herself, however, with a simulation of perfect gravity she pointed to a chair.

"Sit down, Brother Wayne. If you're goin' to convert me it may take some time, you know, and you might as well make yourself comfortable. As for me, I'll take the 'anxious bench.'" She laughed with a certain girlishness which he well remembered, and leaped to a sitting posture on the table, with her hands on her knees, swinging her smart shoes backwards and forwards below it. Madison looked at her in hopeless silence, with a pale disturbed face and shining eyes. "Or if you want to talk as we used to talk, Mad, when we sat on the front steps at Angel's, and Pa and Ma went inside to give us a show, ye can hop up alongside o' me." She made a feint of gathering her skirts beside her.

"Safie," broke out the unfortunate man, yet in a tone that seemed to increase in formal solemnity with his manifest agitation, "this is impossible! The laws of God that have joined you and this man—"

"Oh, it's the prayer-meeting, is it?" said Safie, settling her skirts again, with affected resignation. "Go on."

"Listen, Safie," said Madison, turning despairingly towards her. "Let us for His sake—let us for the sake of our dear blessed past—talk together earnestly and prayerfully. Let us take this time to root out of our feeble hearts all yearnings that are not prompted by Him—yearnings that your union with this man make impossible and sinful. Let us, for the sake of the past, take counsel of each other, even as brother and sister—"

"Sister McGee!" she interrupted, mockingly. "It wasn't as brother and sister you made love to me at Angel's."

"No. I loved you then, and would have made you my wife."

"And you don't love me any more," she said, audaciously darting a wicked look into his eyes, "only because I didn't marry you? And you think that Christian?"

"You know I love you, as I have loved you always," he said, passionately.

"Hush!" she said, mockingly. "Suppose he should hear you?"

"He knows it," said Madison, bitterly. "*I* have told him all."

She stared at him fixedly. "You have—told—him—that—you *still* love me?" she replied, slowly.

"Yes, or I wouldn't be here now. It was due to him—to my own conscience."

"And what did he say?"

"He insisted upon my coming, and—as God is my judge and witness—he seemed satisfied and content."

She drew her pretty lips together in a long whistle, and then leaped from the table. Her face was hard and her eyes were bright as she went to the window and looked out. He followed her, timidly.

"Don't touch me," she said, sharply, striking away his proffered hand.

He turned with a flushed cheek and walked slowly towards the door. Her laugh stopped him.

"Come! I reckon that squeezin' hands ain't no part of your contract with Sandy," she said, glancing down at her own. "Well! So you're goin'."

"I only wished to talk seriously and prayerfully with you for a few moments, Safie, and then—to see you no more."

"And how would that suit *him*," she said, dryly, "if he wants your company here? Then just because you can't convert me and bring me to your ways of thinkin' in one visit, I suppose you think it is Christian-like to run away like this! Or do you suppose that if you turn tail now, he

won't believe that your Christian strength and Christian resignation is all humbug?"

Madison dropped into the chair, put his elbows on the table, and buried his face in his hands. She came a little nearer and laid her hand lightly on his arm. He made a movement as if to take it, but she withdrew it, impatiently.

"Come," she said, brusquely, "now you're in for it, you must play the game out. He trusts you; if he sees you can't trust yourself, he'll shoot you on sight. That don't frighten you? Well, perhaps this will, then! He'll *say* your religion is a sham and you a hypocrite—and everybody will believe him. How do you like that, Brother Wayne? How will that help the Church? Come! You're a pair of cranks together, but he's got the whip-hand of you this time. All you can do is to keep up to his idea of you. Put a bold face on it and come here as often as you can—the oftener the better—the sooner you'll both get sick of each other—and of *me*. That's what you're both after—ain't it? Well! I can tell you now you needn't either of you be the least afraid of me."

She walked away to the window again, not angrily, but smoothing down the folds of her bright print dress, as if she were wiping her hands of her husband and his guest. Something like a very material and manlike sense of shame struggled through his crust of religion. He stammered:

"You don't understand me, Safie."

"Then talk of something I do understand," she said, pertly. "Tell me some news from Angel's. Your brother was over there the other day. He made himself quite popular with the young ladies—so I hear from Miss Selvedge. You can tell me as we walk along the bank towards Sandy's claim. It's just as well that you should move on now, as it's your *first* call, and next time you can stop longer." She went to the corner of the room, removed her smart slippers, and put on a pair of walking-shoes, tying them with her foot on a chair in a quiet disregard for her visitor's presence; took a brown holland sun-bonnet from the wall, clapped it over her browner hair and hanging braids, and tied it under her chin with apparently no sense of coquetry in the act—becoming though it was—and without glancing at him. Alas for Madison's ethics! The torment of her worldly speech and youthful contempt was nothing to this tacit ignoring of the *manhood* of her lover—this silent acceptance of him as something even lower than her husband. He followed her with a burning cheek and a curious revolting of his whole nature that it is to be feared were scarcely Christian. The willows opened to let them pass, and closed again behind them.

An hour later Mrs. McGee returned to her leafy bower alone. She took off her sun-bonnet, hung it on its nail on the wall, shook down her braids, took off her shoes, stained with the mud of her husband's claim, and put on her slippers. Then she ascended to her eyry in the little gallery, and gazed smilingly across the sunlit bar. The two gaunt shadows of her husband and lover, linked like twins, were slowly passing along the river-bank on their way to the eclipsing obscurity of the cottonwoods. Below her, almost at her very feet, the unconscious Arthur Wayne was pushing his work on the river-bed far out to the promontory. The sunlight fell upon his vivid scarlet shirt, his bared throat, and head clustering with perspiring curls. The same sunlight fell upon Mrs. McGee's brown head too, and apparently put a wicked fancy inside it. She ran to her bedroom, and returned with a mirror from its wall, and after some trials in getting the right angle, sent a searching reflection upon the spot where Arthur was at work. For an instant a diamond flash played around him. Then he lifted his head and turned it curiously towards the crest above him. But the next moment he clapped his hands over his dazzled but now smiling eyes, as Mrs. McGee, secure in her leafy obscurity, fell back, and laughed to herself like a very schoolgirl.

It was three weeks later, and Madison Wayne was again sitting alone in his cabin. This solitude had become of more frequent occurrence lately, since Arthur had revolted and openly absented himself from his religious devotions for lighter diversions at the Bar. Keenly as Madison felt his defection, he was too much preoccupied with other things to lay much stress upon it, and the sting of Arthur's relapse to worldliness and folly lay in his own consciousness that it was partly his fault. He could not chide his brother, when he felt that his own heart was absorbed in his neighbor's wife, and although he had rigidly adhered to his own crude ideas of self-effacement and loyalty to McGee, he had been again and again a visitor at his house. It was true that Mrs. McGee had made this easier by tacitly accepting his conditions of their acquaintanceship, by seeming more natural, by exhibiting a gayety, and at times even a certain gentleness and thoughtfulness of conduct, that delighted her husband and astonished her lover. Whether this wonderful change had really been effected by the latter's gloomy theology and still more hopeless ethics, he could not say. She certainly showed no disposition to imitate their formalities, nor seemed to be impressed by them on the rare occasions when he now offered them. Yet she appeared to link the two men together, even physically, as on those occasions when, taking an arm of each, she walked affectionately between them along the river-bank promenade, to the great marvelling and admiration of the Bar. It was said, however, that Mr. Jack Hamlin, a gambler, at that moment professionally visiting Wayne's Bar, and a great connoisseur of feminine charms and weaknesses, had glanced at them under his handsome lashes, and asked a single question, evidently so amusing to the younger members of the Bar that Madison Wayne knit his brows and Arthur Wayne blushed. Mr. Hamlin took no heed of the elder brother's frown, but paid some slight attention to the color of the younger brother, and even more to a slight coquettish glance from the pretty Mrs. McGee. Whether or not, as has been ingeniously alleged by some moralists, the light and trifling of either sex are prone to recognize each other by some mysterious instinct, is not a necessary consideration of this chronicle; enough that the fact is recorded.

And yet Madison Wayne should have been satisfied with his work. His sacrifice was accepted; his happy issue from a dangerous situation and his happy triumph over a more dangerous temptation were complete and perfect, and even achieved according to his own gloomy theories of redemption and regeneration. Yet he was not happy. The human heart is at times strangely unappeasable. And as he sat that evening in the gathering shadows the Book which should have yielded him balm and comfort lay unopened in his lap.

A step upon the gravel outside had become too familiar to startle him. It was Mr. McGee lounging into the cabin like a gaunt shadow. It must be admitted that the friendship of those strangely contrasted men, however sincere and sympathetic, was not cheerful. A belief in the thorough wickedness of humanity, kept under only through fear of extreme penalty and punishment, material and spiritual, was not conducive to light and amusing conversation. Their talk was mainly of a gloomy chronicle of life at the Bar, which was in itself half an indictment. To-night Mr. McGee spoke of the advent of Mr. Jack Hamlin, and together they deplored the diversion of the hard-earned gains and valuable time of the Bar through the efforts of that ingenious gentleman. "Not," added McGee, cautiously, "but what he can shoot straight enough, and I've heard tell that he don't *lie*. That mout and it moutn't be good for your brother, who goes around with him considerable; there's different ways of looking at that. You understand what I mean? You follow me?" For all that the conversation seemed to languish this evening, partly through some abstraction on the part of Wayne, and partly some hesitation in McGee, who appeared to have a greater fear than usual of not expressing himself plainly. It was quite dark in the cabin when at last, detaching himself from his usual lounging-place, the door-post, he walked to the window and leaned, more shadowy than ever, over Wayne's chair. "I want to tell you suthin'," he said, slowly, "that I don't want you to misunderstand—you follow me?—and that ain't noways carpin' or criticisin', nor reflectin' on *you*. You understand what I mean? Ever sens you and me had that talk here about you and Safie, and ever sens I got the hang of your ways and your style o' thinkin', I've been as sure of you and her as if I'd been myself trottin' round with you and a revolver. And I'm as sure of you *now*. You sabe what I mean? You understand? You've done me and her a heap o' good; she's almost another woman sens you took hold of her, and ef you ever want me to stand up and 'testify'—as you call it in church—Sandy McGee is ready. What I'm trying to say to ye is this: Though I understand you and your work and your ways, there's other folks ez moutn't. You follow? you understand what I mean? And it's just that I'm comin' to. Now las' night, when you and Safie was meanderin' along the lower path by the water, and I kem across you—"

"But," interrupted Madison, quickly, "you're mistaken; I wasn't—"

"Hol' on," said McGee, quietly. "I know you got out o' the way without you seein' me, or me you, because you didn't know it was me—don't you see? don't you follow?—and that's just it! It mout have bin some one from the Bar as seed you instead o' *me*. See? That's why you lit out before I could recognize you; and that's why poor Safie was so mighty flustered at first, and was for runnin' away, until she kem to herself agin, when of course she laughed, and agreed you must have mistook me."

"But," gasped Madison, quickly, "I *wasn't there at all* last night."

"What?"

The two men had risen simultaneously, and were facing each other. McGee, with a good-natured, half-critical expression, laid his hand on Wayne's shoulder, and slightly turned him towards the window, that he might see his face. It seemed to him white and dazed.

"You—wasn't there—last night?" he repeated, with a slow tolerance.

Scarcely a moment elapsed, but the agony of an hour may have thrilled through Wayne's consciousness before he spoke. Then all the blood of his body rushed to his face with his first lie as he stammered:

"No!—Yes! Of course. I have made a mistake—it *was* me."

"I see; you thought I was riled," said McGee, quietly.

"No; I was thinking it was *night before last!* Of course it was last night. I must be getting silly." He essayed a laugh—rare at any time with him—and so forced now that it affected McGee more than his embarrassment. He looked at Wayne thoughtfully, and then said, slowly:

"I reckon I did come upon you a little too sudden last night, but you see I was thinkin' of suthin' else, and disremembered you might be there. But I wasn't mad—no! no!—and I only spoke about it now that you might be more keerful before folks. You follow me? You understand what I mean?"

He turned and walked to the door, when he halted. "You follow me—don't you? It ain't no cussedness o' mine, or want o' trustin'—don't you see? Mebbee I ought-

WORKING ON "EL CID" AT NIGHT.—Drawn by William Hurd Lawrence.
Getting the new Brazilian Cruiser ready for Sea.

ened have spoken. I oughter remembered that times this sort o' thing must be rather rough on you and her. You follow me? You understand what I mean? Good-night."

He walked slowly down the path towards the river. Had Madison Wayne been watching him, he would have noticed that his head was bent and his step less free. But Madison Wayne was at that moment sitting rigidly in his chair, nursing with all the gloomy concentration of a monastic nature a single terrible idea.

Howbeit, the sun shone cheerfully over the Bar the next morning, and the next; the breath of life and activity was in the air, the settlement had never been more prosperous, and the yield from the open placers on the drained river-bed that week was enormous. The brothers Wayne were said to be "rolling in gold." It was thought to be consistent with Madison Wayne's nature that there was no trace of good fortune in his face or manner—rather that he had become more nervous, restless, and gloomy. This was attributed to the joylessness of avarice—as contrasted with the spendthrift gayety of the more liberal Arthur—and he was feared and *respected* as a miser. His long solitary walks around the promontory, his incessant watchfulness, his reticence when questioned, were all recognized as the indications of a man whose soul was absorbed in money-getting. The reverence they failed to yield to his religious isolation they were willing to freely accord to his financial abstraction. But Mr. McGee was not so deceived. Overtaking him one day under the fringe of willows, he characteristically chided him with absenting himself from Mrs. McGee and her house since their last interview.

"I reckoned you did not harbor malice in your Christianity," he said. "But it looks mighty like ez if you was throwin' off on Safie and me on account of what I said."

In vain Madison gloomily and almost sternly protested. McGee looked him all over with his clear measuring eye, and for some minutes was singularly silent. At last he said, slowly,

"I've been thinkin' suthin' o' goin' down to Frisco, and I'd be a heap easier in my mind ef you'd promise to look arter Safie now and then."

"You surely are not going to leave her here *alone?*" said Wayne, roughly.

"Why not?"

For an instant Wayne hesitated. Then he burst out: "For a hundred reasons! If she ever wanted your protection before, she surely does now! Do you suppose the Bar is any less heathen or more regenerated than it was when you thought it necessary to guard her with your revolver? Man, it is a hundred times worse than then! The new claims have filled it with lying adventurers—with wolves like Hamlin and his friends—idolaters who would set up Baal and Ashteroth here, and fill your tents with the curses of Sodom!"

Perhaps it was owing to the Scriptural phrasing, perhaps it was from some unusual authority of the man's manner, but a look of reproving relief and admiration came into McGee's clear eyes.

"And you're just the man to tackle 'em," he said, clapping his hand on Wayne's shoulder. "That's your gait—keep it up! But," he added, in a lower voice, "me and my revolver are played out." There was a strangeness in the tone that arrested Wayne's attention. "Yes," continued McGee, stroking his beard slowly, "men like me has their day, and revolvers has theirs; the world turns round and the Bar fills up, and this yer river changes its course—and it's all in the day's work. You understand what I mean—you follow me? And if anything should happen to me—not that it's like to, but it's in the way o' men—I want you to look arter Safie. It ain't every woman ez has two men—ez like and yet unlike—to guard her. You follow me? You understand what I mean—don't you?"

With these words he parted somewhat abruptly from Wayne, turning into the steep path to the promontory crest, and leaving his companion lost in gloomy abstraction.

The next day Alexander McGee had departed on a business trip to San Francisco. In his present frame of mind, his new responsibility, and the carrying out of a plan which he had vaguely conceived might remove the terrible idea that had taken possession of him, Madison Wayne was even relieved when his brother announced his intention of going to Angel's for a few days. For since his memorable interview with McGee he had been convinced that Safie had been clandestinely visited by some one. Whether it was the thoughtless and momentary indiscretion of a wilful woman or the sequel to some deliberately planned intrigue did not concern him so much as the falsity of his own position, and the conniving lie by which he had saved her and her lover. That at this crucial moment he had failed to "testify" to guilt and wickedness, that he firmly believed—such is the inordinate vanity of the religious zealot—that he had denied Him in his efforts to shield *her*, and that he had broken faith with the husband who had intrusted to him the custody of his wife's honor, seemed to him more terrible than her faithlessness. In his first horror he had dreaded to see her, lest her very confession—he knew her reckless frankness to himself—should reveal to him the extent of his complicity. But since then, and during her husband's absence, he had convinced himself that it was his duty to wrestle and strive with her weak spirit, to implore her to reveal everything to her husband, and then together they would both sue his forgiveness. It was a part of the inconsistency of his singular nature that in spite of the inordinate selfishness of his religious convictions, in his human passion he was perfectly unselfish, and had already forgiven her the offence against himself.

But it happened to be a quiet, intense night, with the tremulous opulence of a full moon that threw quivering shafts of light like summer lightning over the blue river, and laid a wonderful carpet of intricate lace along the path that wound through the willows to the crest. There was the dry stimulating dust and spice of heated pines from below, the languorous odors of syringa, the faint feminine smell of southernwood, and the infinite mystery of silence. This silence was at times softly broken with the tender inarticulate whisper of falling leaves, broken sighs from the tree-tops, and the languid stretching of wakened and unclasping boughs. Madison Wayne had not, alas, taken into account this subtle conspiracy of Night and Nature, and as he climbed higher, his steps began to falter with new and strange sensations. The rigidity of purpose that had guided the hard religious convictions which had sustained him began to relax. A tender sympathy stole over him; a loving mercy to himself as well as others stole into his heart. He thought of *her* as she had nestled at his side, hand in hand, upon the moonlit veranda of her father's house, before his hard convictions had chilled and affrighted her. He thought of her fresh simplicity, and what had seemed to him her wonderful girlish beauty, and, lo! in a quick turn of the path he stood breathless and before the house. The moonbeams lay tenderly upon the peaceful eaves; the long blossoms of the Madeira vine seemed sleeping also. The pink flush of the Cherokee rose in the unreal light looked chastely white.

But he was evidently too late for an interview. The windows were blank in the white light; one—her bedroom—showed a light behind the lowered muslin blind. Her draped shadow once or twice passed across it. He was turning away with soft steps and even bated breath when suddenly he stopped. The exaggerated but unmistakable shadow of a man stood beside her on the blind.

With a fierce leap, as of an insane man, he was at the door, pounding, rattling, and uttering hoarse and furious outcries. Even through his fury he heard quickened footsteps, her light, reckless, half-hysterical laugh, a bound upon the staircase, the hurried unbolting and opening of distant doors as the lighter one with which he was struggling at last yielded to his blind rage, and threw him crashing into the sitting-room. The back door was wide open. He could hear the rustling and crackling of twigs and branches in different directions down the hill-side, where the fugitives had separated as they escaped. And yet he stood there for an instant dazed and wondering. What next?

His eyes fell upon McGee's rifle standing upright in the corner. It was a clean, beautiful, precise weapon even to the unprofessional eye, its long, laminated, hexagonal barrel taking a tender blue in the moonlight. He snatched it up. It was capped and loaded. Without a pause he dashed down the hill.

Only one thought was in his mind now—the crudest, simplest duty. He was there in McGee's place—he should do what McGee would do. God had abandoned him—but McGee's rifle remained.

In a few minutes' downward plunging he had reached the river-bank. The tranquil silver surface quivered and glittered before him. He saw what he knew he would see—the black target of a man's head above it, making for the Bar. He took deliberate aim and fired. There was no echo to that sharp detonation. A distant dog barked, there was a slight whisper in the trees beside him—nothing more! But the head of the man was no longer visible, and the liquid silver filmed over again, without a speck or stain.

He shouldered the rifle, and with the automatic action of men in great crises returned slowly and deliberately to the house, and carefully replaced the weapon in its old position. He had no concern for the miserable woman who had fled; had she appeared before him at the moment he would not have noticed her. Yet a strange instinct—it seemed to him the vaguest curiosity—made him ascend the stairs and enter her chamber. The candle was still burning on the table, with that awful incongruousness and simplicity of detail which makes the scene of real tragedy so terrible.

Beside the candle lay a belt and leather pouch. Madison Wayne suddenly dashed forward and seized them with a wild inarticulate cry, staggered, fell over the chair, rose to his feet, and blindly groped his way down the staircase. Then, with another cry, he burst into the road, and hugging the pouch to his bosom, fled like a madman down the hill.

The body of Arthur Wayne was picked up two days later a dozen miles down the river. Nothing could be more evident and prosaic than the manner in which he had met his fate. His body was only partly clothed, and the money-pouch and belt, which had been securedly locked next his skin, after the fashion of all miners, were gone. He was known to have left the Bar with a considerable sum of money he was undoubtedly dogged, robbed, and murdered during his journey on the river-bank by the desperadoes who were beginning to infest the vicinity. The grief and agony of his only brother, sole survivor of that fraternal and religious partnership so well known to the camp, although shown only by a grim and speechless melancholy, broken by unintelligible outbursts of religious raving, were so real that they affected even the callous camp.

But scarcely had it regained its feverish distraction before it was thrilled by another sensation. Alexander McGee had fallen from the deck of a Sacramento steamboat in the straits of Carquinez, and his body had been swept out to sea. The news had apparently been first to reach the ears of his devoted wife, for when the camp, on this lapse of the old prohibition, climbed to her home with their rude consolations, the house was found locked and deserted. It seemed that the fateful influence of the promontory had again prevailed—the grim record of its seclusion was destined to be more unbroken.

With it, too, drooped and faded the fortunes of the Bar. Madison Wayne sold out his claim, endowed the church at the Cross-Roads with the proceeds, and the pulpit with his grim, hopeless, denunciatory presence. The first rains brought a freshet to the bar, the river leaped the light barriers that had taken the place of Wayne's peaceful engines and regained the old channel. The curse that the Rev. Madison Wayne had launched on this river-side Sodom seemed to have been fulfilled. But even this brought no satisfaction to the gloomy prophet, for it was presently known that he had abandoned his terror-stricken flock to "take the circuit" as revivalist preacher and camp-meeting exhorter in the rudest and most lawless of gatherings. Desperate ruffians writhed at his feet in impotent terror or more impotent rage, murderers and thieves listened to him with blanched faces and set teeth, restrained only by a more awful fear; over and over again he took his life with his Bible into his own hands when he rose above the excited multitude. He was shot at, he was rail-ridden, he was deported, but never silenced. And so, sweeping over the country, carrying fear and frenzy with him, scouting life and mercy, and crushing alike the guilty and innocent, he came one Sabbath to a rocky crest of the Sierras—the last tattered, frayed, and soiled fringe of civilization on the opened track of a great highway. And here he was to "testify" as was his wont.

But not as he expected. For as he stood up on a bowlder above the thirty or forty men sitting or lying upon other rocks and bowlders around him on the craggy mountain shelf where they had gathered, a man also rose, staggered to his feet, and with an indistinct cry ran to the edge of the declivity. But his cry was suddenly repeated by others, more quick and clamoring, which called the whole assemblage to its feet, and it was then seen that the fugitive had in some way leaped or fallen from the precipice.

He was brought up cruelly maimed and mangled; his ribs crushed in, and one lung perforated, but still breathing and conscious. He asked to see the preacher. Death impending, and even then struggling with his breath, made the request imperative. Madison Wayne stopped the service, and stalked grimly and inflexibly to where the dying man lay. But here he started.

"McGee!" he said, breathlessly.

"Send those men away," said McGee, faintly. "I've got suthin' to tell you."

The men drew back without a word. "You thought I was dead," said McGee, with eyes still undimmed and marvellously clear. "I orter bin, but it don't need no doctor to say it ain't far off now. I left the Bar to get killed. I tried to in a row, but the fellers were skeert to close with me—thinkin' I'd shoot. My reputation was agin me there. You follow me? You understand what I mean?"

Kneeling beside him now, and grasping both his hands, the changed and horror-stricken Wayne gasped, "But—"

"Hol' on! I jumped off the Sacramento boat—I was goin' down the third time—they thought on the boat I was *gone*—they think so now! But a passin' fisherman dived for me. I grappled him—he was clear grit and would have gone down with me, but I couldn't let him die too—havin', so to speak, no cause. You follow me? You understand me? I let him *save* me. But it was all the same, for when I got to Frisco I read as how I was drowned. And then I reckoned it was all right, and I wandered *here*, where I wasn't known—until I saw you."

"But why should *you* want to die?" said Wayne, almost fiercely. "What right have you to die, while others—double dyed and blood-stained—are condemned to live, 'testify,' and suffer?"

The dying man feebly raised a deprecation with his maimed hand, and even smiled faintly. "I knew you'd say that. I knew what you'd think about it. But it's all the same now. I did it for you and Safie. I knew I was in the way—I knew you was the man she orter had—I knew you was the man who had dragged her outer the mire and clay where I was leavin' her, as you did when she fell in the water. I knew that every day I lived I was makin' *you* suffer and breakin' *her* heart—for all she tried to be gentle and gay."

"Great God in heaven! Will you stop?" said Wayne, springing to his feet in agony. A frightened look—the first that any one had ever seen in the clear eyes of the Bell-ringer of Angel's—passed over him, and he murmured, tremulously,

"All right; I'm stoppin'!"

So, too, was his heart, for the wonderful eyes were now slowly glazing. Yet he rallied once more—"coming up the third time," as it seemed to Wayne, and his lips moved slowly. The preacher threw himself despairingly on the ground beside him.

"Speak, brother—for God's sake, speak!"

It was his last whisper—so faint it might have been the first sigh of his freed soul:

"You—follow—me—don't—you? You—understand—what—I—mean?"

THE END.

## DOING UP A DERELICT.

READERS of HARPER'S WEEKLY will have read in the newspapers of the late experience of the war-ship *San Francisco* with a lumber-laden derelict, which held together so obstinately that after being twice torpedoed it had to be rammed before it broke up. A private letter from an officer aboard the *San Francisco* gives a most interesting account of these operations. The derelict being full of good lumber, it was proposed to tow her to port, but a mast that had come out of her was floating upright in the water alongside, and it was first necessary to dispose of that. As to that our letter-writer says:

"We pulled out in the second whale-boat to where the upper end of the mast was standing upright about six feet out of the water. Of course there is always a heavy swell in the ocean for small boats, and this mast would rise and fall, sometimes disappearing from view. So when we got near it we had to work pretty spry to keep from getting the boat smashed on the mast, and we could see two sharks close aboard of us. We lashed the torpedo loosely to the mast so it would slide down, and then hung it by a distance line twelve feet long, so that the torpedo would lie close to the mast twelve feet below the water. Then we made the electrical connections, and at last I turned the crank of the little dynamo and pressed the keys. One of the most beautiful explosions I ever saw resulted instantaneously. A piece of the mast ten feet long jumped a hundred feet up into the air, followed by seven smaller pieces and an enormous column of water, and then all fell down around us, but doing no harm. Previous to my going out the doctor shook hands with me, and advised me to get my wings ready."

Continuing, the narrator tells of the effort made on Sunday afternoon and night to tow the wreck to port, and how, because of the repeated parting of hawsers, the Admiral resolved on Monday morning to blow her up. Upon this he says:

"I began to prepare three torpedoes with the necessary wires and electrical appliances. By night I was ready, and got in the whale-boat with the torpedoes and the gunner's gang, and went over to where the wreck was rolling about in the heavy ocean swell, the waves rolling over her decks. Boat-work at sea is far from delicious, and boarding wrecks is worse, but we all got on board safe, and I started to secure the torpedoes in proper positions close up under her keel. That took an hour. Then I got all the men back into the boat and pulled off to windward, and exploded the three torpedoes holding 102 pounds of guncotton. The explosion was perfect, but the wreck was a stanch new Yankee schooner, filled tight with finished lumber and shingles, that had swelled so that the mass was like one great log. The torpedoes made her rise half out of water, but she settled back, and floated as before."

The Admiral said to try it again. All the dry guncotton was used up, and as there was no time to spare, twenty pounds were dried "in the oven of the galley next to the fire," a proceeding which inspires the comment that "it was not really dangerous if intelligently done, but we all felt better when the guncotton was out of the galley." By four o'clock seven torpedoes were ready. Five of them exploded under the obstinate schooner left her very shaky, but still entire and afloat. So then the Admiral determined to ram her.

"The first time we went at her slowly, and did not do much harm. Then the captain backed off to a good distance, sounded the siren to close all water-tight doors, and went at her full speed. I do not think you ever saw such a manifestation of power and force as I had the good fortune to see from a favorable position forward. The ship weighs four thousand tons, as much as sixty-four thousand men, and we went at that wreck at the speed of a charge of cavalry. We cut it right in two. One part went one way and one the other, and the lumber floated out and covered acres of the sea; and yet the parts of the wreck floated defiantly, so I had to go out again and blow up the two parts."

Here were adventures enough, surely, for a week's trip in a government vessel. The tale of them will help the landsman tax-payer to believe that his country's new store of costly naval apparatus can really be made to do work, and useful work at that, even in time of peace.

H. L. HERBERT AND HIS PRIZE-WINNING HUNTER "TRANSPORT."

# AMATEUR SPORT

I HAVE received the following letter, which explains itself.

"I, and I think others also, took 'lectures' to mean courses of lectures at college, which would make your remark much too sweeping. I am sure, however, on second thought, you mean by 'lectures' a father's advice to his son, or a minister's to his parishioner's son. Such 'lectures' certainly have not the strong influence on a boy going to college, as you very justly insist, that intercollegiate athletics do."

Referring to the paragraph in my last week's comment, I republish it in case others may have also misinterpreted my meaning of "lectures":

"Football and baseball associations have been unable, or unwilling, or both, to cope with this constantly spreading evil; college faculties have rolled their eyes in wild conceit, and done nothing save talk of eliminating athletics, *which, as every thinking man knows, have done more to cleanse the undergraduate body of its vicious excesses and elevate the* morale *of the universities than all the lectures delivered time out of mind.* To cut off athletics would be to plunge the students into the dissipations which many a mature reader of this department knows full well held unbridled sway in his and our college days."....

HARVARD WILL HAVE THE BEST eleven on Hampden Park next Saturday that has ever met Yale in the annual struggle. It is the best not that its individual material greatly excels that which we have seen wearing the crimson every year for the past four, but the best because the eleven men have been harmonized into one hard-working whole. For the first time, certainly since Arthur Cumnock's winning eleven in '90, Harvard will be represented by a team, and not a collection of strong individual players. It is a well-finished, thoroughly coached team this year, with not a single "star" on it to mar the harmony. They are and have been working straight through the season for all they are worth, and are in a mood and condition to play the game of their lives on the 25th. This is what good, systematic, common-sense policy in regard to coaching has accomplished for Harvard at last, after so many years of star and one-man worship that gave a new order of things every season. Whether they win or not, the fact remains that Harvard for the first time has prepared herself properly for the conflict, and that her coaches are to be congratulated for having at length profited by the very excellent example Yale has always set in that particular. If they do not reap their reward this year, it is unquestioned that now, having got on the right track, the Harvard teams will gain their share of laurels in the football contests to come.

But I am of the opinion that Harvard will gain its first laurel wreath on Saturday, and that Yale will have the utmost difficulty in scoring at all. It would not surprise me to see the score 6–0, or even 12–0, in Harvard's favor, but the crimson will be exceptionally favored if Yale does not cross their goal-line.

THERE IS ALWAYS A REASON behind every opinion, of course, else it exists only on the well-known feminine explanation for all grounds—"because"; and mine for believing Harvard will defeat Yale next Saturday is that I believe Harvard is strong enough in their defensive play to keep Yale from scoring, and, on the other hand, Yale's defence is not strong enough to keep Harvard from crossing their goal-line—once, twice, perhaps even three times, though this is almost expecting too much to be accomplished against Yale, be the opposing team never so strong.

In all the games the two teams have played this season it has been perfectly apparent from the first that Harvard had a scoring team, and one that would be very strong if the defence could be brought up to be anything like as good. There have been games in which the defence seemed to have reached the desired state, but it was quite likely to go to pieces against the very next team. I have believed this due largely to the fact that Harvard was playing one kind of a game in practice and another in public, and if there is anything that unsettles me in the belief of the crimson's success next Saturday, it is when I fear they may be relying too much on tricks and a lot of complex plays.

TRICKS, WITHOUT DOUBT, ARE USEFUL auxiliaries to have handy on the football field if the quarter-back has head enough to remember them when they are most needed. But it will be a rare exception when tricks win a game. If Harvard wins Saturday it must be on good straight football, played hard and more cleverly than her rival. Very likely some of the Deland tricks may count for good gains; but the story of the flying wedge's début should be remembered. Although that was an absolutely new and hard play to stop, nevertheless Yale broke it up without much difficulty on the very first trial. That this will be improved on goes without saying; but Yale also will have had the hint, and be prepared to meet the novelties. Harvard's scoring strength is so great that I believe they could not be stopped short of the Yale goal-line by even the stronger forwards that faced them at Springfield last year. There is a snap and life to the Harvard play that is altogether strange to teams from Cambridge; and we shall be treated to the novel sight this year of Harvard forwards breaking through and getting into all the plays in the old-time way-we remember Heffelfinger, Winter, and Wallis of Yale used to do it. Harvard's line is an exceedingly lively one, and there seems to be no place on the Yale line where it will not break through, unless it be where Hickok stands at guard and Murphy at tackle.

Those who remember the playing of the Harvard guards last year will be surprised at their work this year.

OF THE STRENGTH OF THE HARVARD centre, and its ability to more than take care of all the plays that come its way, there seems to be no room for doubt. It is strong enough to stop the average number of push plays aimed in its direction, and quick enough to get through on most of those of Yale's. At the tackles Harvard also has a little the better of it. Both of the Yale men, Murphy and Beard, may be counted on to put up a lively

(Continued on page 1138.)

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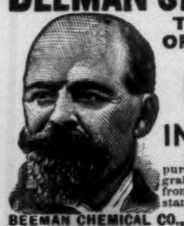

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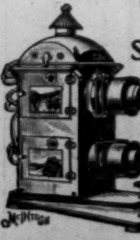

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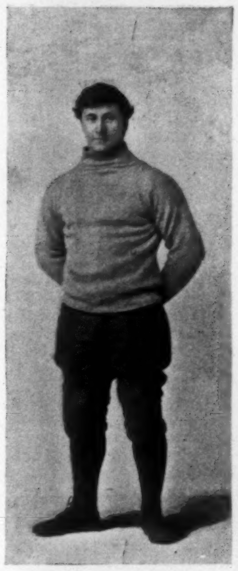

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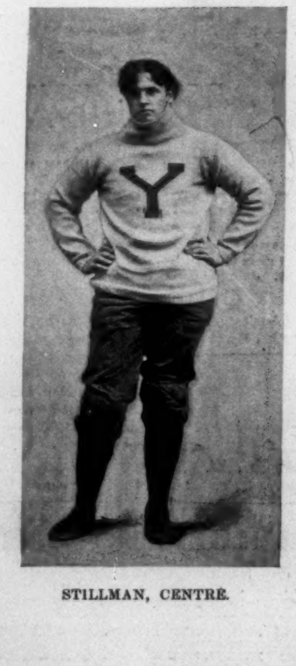
YALE *VS.* UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, NOV. 11, 1893.—BUTTERWORTH (YALE FULL-BACK) SCORING THROUGH THE CENTRE.

YALE *VS.* UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, NOV. 11, 1893.—BUTTERWORTH GOING THROUGH THE CENTRE WITHOUT INTERFERENCE.



STILLMAN, CENTRE.

BUTTERWORTH, FULL-BACK.

CAPTAIN HINKEY, LEFT END.

HICKOK, RIGHT GUARD.

GREENWAY, RIGHT END.

VETERANS OF THE YALE FOOTBALL TEAM.

AMATEUR SPORT.—(*Continued from page 1135.*)

aggressive game, and each has shown up well in diagnosing a play. Before the game it must be called an even thing between Murphy and Monahan of Harvard, for both are new men (and seldom have such good ones been developed in their first season), and so far as may be judged these have shown to be of about equal calibre. Beard has been doing better work at tackle than in any position he has ever filled. In the game against Pennsylvania he was one of the most active men on the Yale line, and got into more plays, Hinkey excepted, than any other man on his team. He is a better man than Monahan, but not so good as Newell, whom he will probably face. But, in any event, he will come out of the game, unless I am much mistaken, with more reputation than he took into it.

On the ends Yale has an advantage in the superiority of Hinkey (who, by-the-way, is not so good as last year) over Blanchard, who will face him. At the other end are Emmons and Greenway, and both are so good as to be pretty nearly the best either of the colleges has ever had. There is not a great deal of difference between them; some favor Emmons, but Greenway is a very good man, as he will prove beyond question on Saturday; certainly there is no such difference in Emmons's favor as there is in Hinkey's. Blanchard is, in fact, the vulnerable point on the Harvard line, and it is around him we shall probably see most of the end plays of both sides come off.

BEHIND THE LINE AT QUARTER Yale is the stronger, and will remain so, unless Harvard's experiment with Beale turns out to be a tremendous improvement on Fairchild. Morris has fallen into the place naturally, and his work both in defensive and offensive has been very good indeed. It was very hard lines on young Adee that a lame ankle should have thrown him out of the place just as he was doing such good work, but notwithstanding his lay-off he will be a competent substitute should Morris get laid up in the game. The difference between the two teams in the matter of half-backs is not so great, but whatever there is favors Harvard on account of Waters, who besides being a heavy line-breaker is invaluable on interference. Of the backs for the other position, there is not much choice between Eaton, Armstrong, Thorne, Winthringham, Clark, Grey; these are all about in the same class, and none are up to the standard set by the Blisses and Lake. At full-back honors are about divided; Brewer is a surer catch than Butterworth, but he cannot punt so far; he is faster and a better man on around-the-end plays, but he does not class at all with the Yale man in bucking the line. Butterworth is one of the best men at line-breaking Yale has ever had, and it is curious, too, that he is so good, for he runs somewhat high; but he gets off quickly, and when he strikes the line he keeps going; if he gets his head through, his body is sure to follow. He will be a valuable man for Yale on Saturday.

PRACTICE HAS BEEN JUST AS GUARDED at New Haven the past ten days as at Cambridge, and outside of the Yale coaches no one knows just how much has been done to strengthen up the line we saw against Pennsylvania. One thing is certain, the team that faces Harvard at Springfield will be much stronger than the one that lined up opposite Pennsylvania. A team has been brought up to winning form in two weeks before now, and New Haven is just the place where such work is done. At the same time, with all the finishing it will have received, I do not believe the combination that faced Pennsylvania has it in them this year to win from Harvard, with their exceptionally strong defensive line and fast aggressive work.

IN THE KIND OF FOOTBALL that will be played at Hampden Park next Saturday each team is divisible into three groups, and the work of those three groups is what was in former years the work of the individual. These three groups are the backs, the centres, and the ends. The first includes three men, the two halves and full back; the second, four men—the snap-back, two guards, and a quarter; and the third, four men—the two ends and two tackles. And it is the quality of the group, and not the merit of any single individual in it, that gives it its practical value. If the end and tackle play into each other's hands, supplement each other fully, and in addition appreciate the feelings of their pair at the other end, and lend them such aid as they often can, then the end group is good, and hard to pass, as well as great in interference. It is in the end group that Yale has her only advantage over Harvard, and that advantage is not marked, since the new men have become accustomed to work with Newell and Emmons.

A CENTRE GROUP IS GOOD in so far as it can insure the ball's reaching the runner at the proper time, securely aid in interference, and can prevent centre mass work. Here Harvard can through Lewis add a point not really belonging to the group, for Lewis can remain in his position just long enough to be sure the play is not coming at the centre, and still get over to tackle at other assaulted points. This is something of a balance for the as yet rather shaky work of the Harvard quarter. Mackie and Hickok will occasionally get through to render a little assistance, but not so often as Lewis. Their only real chance will be if either should get through and stop a kick. Acton and McCrea will be satisfied to put up a steady game without pyrotechnics. The Harvard guards drop back and run more commonly than any other guards, but their best work is interfering. In this point they better the Yale men considerably.

In stopping mass plays at the centre both sides are strong rather than skilful, and that will mean that a great deal of unnecessary force will be used and still not make the place absolutely secure. The backs are the deadly assaulting power upon a team. A forward may make a run, but it is a short one, a lunge and plunge and dragging the opponents a short distance, but a half or back once snapped free out at the end or between end and tackle makes our hearts stand still lest he go on, on to the very goal. Then the kicks—a drop or a punt that twists itself out of the opponents' hands—those are the telling assaults. And the backs are the last protection; a misplay there means a serious matter; it may mean the game. Here Harvard has a bit the better of the reliability, in that Brewer is in every way surer than Butterworth.

NEVER IN LEHIGH'S FOOTBALL HISTORY has her claims for membership in the football association been so worthy of consideration. She has always turned out good elevens, and her progress has really been consistent; but this year, with the excellent coaching last year of Hartwell as a starter, and the finishing work this year of Graves, Lehigh has played good football, the best she has ever shown. She won from Cornell, West Point, and Annapolis this season, but what is more to her credit, she scored on Princeton and Pennsylvania. If there is to be an association it looks as if Lehigh and Cornell should be taken in, although Cornell's location makes her membership almost impracticable.

MISSOURI CLEARLY OUTPLAYED Nebraska, score, 30–18, much to the surprise of every one, in the second of the Association series, November 11th. The previous series of the exhibition games played by both teams pointed clearly to Nebraska's victory. Her team had on the previous Saturday played a tie game with Denver A.C., 4–4, while Denver had just defeated Kansas, 24–10, Missouri, 40–0, and Iowa, 58–0. On October 28th, Nebraska had played a tie, 10–10, with Baker, and Baker had just defeated Kansas, 14–12, and Missouri, 28–0.

Under the coaching of Robinson (Tufts, '93), Missouri has shown great improvement since the first game, on October 14th. From having on that date what was beyond doubt the weakest team of the Association, she has to-day one of the strongest. This victory of Missouri has done the cause of football more good in this Western section than anything that has happened in football circles for the last three years.

THE GAME WAS ONE OF THE FASTEST ever played at Kansas City, the men lined up quickly, and there were but two fumbles in the entire play. Missouri made almost all her big gains by long runs around the end, aided by the best interference yet seen in the West. When they bucked the line, her work was quick and hard, and usually resulted in gains. Like all the other teams of the Association, the defensive work is far weaker than the offensive, although good tackling usually kept Nebraska from making large gains. Neither team punted but once, and both were very weak attempts. Missouri's backs are light and fast runners, and both followed their interference well round the ends.

The Nebraska team is heavier, and in this game had travelled overnight, arriving in the city from Lincoln at four o'clock Saturday morning.

They relied almost solely on bucking the line, and made few gains around Missouri's ends. The tackling, with the exception of that of Flippin, left half-back, was weak, the work of the ends being decidedly poor. Like Missouri, the defensive work is greatly inferior to the offensive, and their half-backs are both too heavy and start slow. In comparison with Missouri the work of the entire team is slow, and the men are not in as good physical condition.

THE FOUR TEAMS OF THE LEAGUE having now appeared in Kansas City, some comparison of their work may be timely with the Thanksgiving-day game in view. The Kansas team plays the fastest offensive game and the weak-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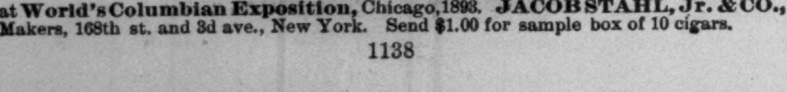


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est defensive. It plays the most brilliantly of any, and uses more strategy and head-work. The team-work has not thus far been equal to that Missouri showed in the Nebraska game. The punting of Johnson, the Kansas full-back, is far superior to that of the other teams. In fact, Kansas is the only eleven which makes punting a feature of the game. Her work is also more open than that of either of the others, with the possible exception of Missouri. The team-play of Missouri is the strongest of the four, and the game with Nebraska showed steadier work than yet exhibited by any of the other teams. Missouri's interference is excellent, and they have the fastest runners behind the line. The defensive play is still weak, but their coach is working hard to strengthen it.

THE INTERFERENCE OF NEBRASKA AND IOWA is not equal to that of either Kansas or Missouri. Both teams rely almost altogether on bucking the line and wedge rather than around the end plays for their gains. In defensive work they are both weak, especially on the ends.

Kansas plays Michigan at Kansas City on the 25th and Missouri on the 30th. From the work of the Missouri and Kansas teams speculation on the result of the Thanksgiving game does not give much satisfaction. If Kansas puts up the game they are capable of playing, and is steady, there is no doubt that their chance of winning will be much improved; but their work in every game this fall has been erratic, and as Missouri is just the opposite, it leaves the result much in doubt, with the odds in favor of Missouri. Both, however, play much the same style of game, and the contest should be by far the most interesting ever held in the Missouri Valley.

OF ALL THE WESTERN UNIVERSITY elevens, that of Minnesota seems to be making the best record. Last year it won the championship of the Northwestern League, defeating Michigan, Wisconsin, Northwestern, and Iowa, and has just successfully defended its title notwithstanding that there were four new men on the team. This college seems to have been productive of great players, for it furnished Yale with Heffelfinger, the Morrisons, and Cochran, all of whom, I believe, began their football education on its campus.

The team has shown its best work this year, probably because it has had the coaching of Yale's great ex-tackle, Wallace Winter. They have met some of the strongest Western teams, and defeated every one of them, as their record, which is a good one, shows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Minnesota *vs.* University of Kansas, champions last year of Western League | 12- 6 |
| Minnesota *vs.* Grinnell | 36- 4 |
| " " Michigan (last part of game in dark) | 34-20 |
| " " Northwestern | 16- 0 |
| " " Wisconsin | 40- 0 |
| Totals | 138-30 |

Wisconsin had previously defeated Michigan, Lake Forest, and Beloit, and on the day of their defeat here, Michigan defeated Purdue, Minnesota's supposed rival, to the tune of 48 to 8. The average weight of the team is 172.

Minnesota was to have had a game on Thanksgiving day with Cornell, but the latter asked to be released from filling the engagement.

FAR AWAY IN THE WEST, on the Northern Pacific coast, a league has been formed by the athletic club teams of Portland, Tacoma, and Seattle, with a series of six games, two between every club. There is also a decided inclination to follow the example set by the two California universities, and close the season Thanksgiving day, instead of New-Year's, as heretofore. The greatest rivalry exists between Tacoma and Seattle, and the feeling naturally enters all athletic contests between teams of the two towns. The most exciting game certainly of that section was their first meeting this year, October 28th, when, although Seattle won, the result was in doubt up to the call of time with the ball on the victor's 10-yard line. Tacoma played a strong, aggressive, and improved game, her backs making good gains round Seattle's ends. Seattle's backs were not so good, and could not circle Tacoma's ends; but their line, especially in the centre, was stouter. Both teams were exceedingly weak in defensive work. It was almost certain that whenever one side got the ball, it would make a touch-down before losing it. The deciding point of the game seemed really to be in the number of goals kicked from touch-downs. Altogether the game showed an improvement in football in the extreme Northwest. Both Seattle and Tacoma are favored in having many Eastern college men within their gates; those of the first have already been named here, and Tacoma has Anderson, '88; Ater, '90; Foster, '90; Anderson, '89; Sturtevant, '91, all of Yale; Harker, '87, University of Pennsylvania; and Evans, Harvard, '90. These have been the nucleus of the game here as at Seattle, and Tacoma enjoys the distinction, I believe, of having put the first team in the field to play Portland. Furthermore, they own a commodious gymnasium and club-house, and an athletic field with cinder path and tennis-courts. The Tacoma team this season has had the coaching of Clemans of Leland Stanford, who learned what he knows under Walter Camp, last year, during the latter's Californian visit. Both teams are now hard at work preparing for their Thanksgiving-day game.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF OUR WESTERN AND SOUTHERN readers, I publish in full a letter from the executive of the Western Football Association touching a subject on which I receive many letters. It seems curious there should be any misunderstanding of such simple rules as govern eligibility and an amateur. An athlete of any kind, football, baseball, or what else, ceases to be an amateur the instant he receives a penny, and is not eligible for any amateur team. A football coach who is paid is a professional, and consequently is not eligible to membership on an amateur team. It makes no difference whether he is a *bona fide* student or not, he is a professional just the same. Missouri and Nebraska are guilty of professionalism, and the Western Association should insist on their obeying the rules:

"DEAR SIR,—Our Western Football Association, composed of the Universities of Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, and Missouri, is threatened with that evil to amateur and college athletics, professionalism. The article in our constitution covering that point was taken from the Intercollegiate constitution of '91, which states that "no professional athlete shall take part in any contests of this association," and further, "no player shall receive any salary, emolument, or concession, either directly or indirectly, for playing on any team in the association. Missouri and Nebraska insist on playing their coachers; they have entered them in the universities, and can furnish affidavit that the men are *bona fide* students for the current college year. They both admit, however, that the two men are receiving a salary for coaching the respective teams, but contend that this does not bar them from playing, inasmuch as the men do not receive a salary for playing on the teams. To interpret the constitution literally it would possibly let them in on the ground that they do not receive this salary for playing but for coaching. To interpret the constitution as it was meant would certainly bar them on the ground that this salary was given indirectly for playing, as playing was to be a part of the training.

"These players or coachers have been challenged, and it devolves on me to decide as to their eligibility. I take the liberty of asking your advice in the matter. First, is a coach receiving a salary for training a team a professional athlete? If he is not a professional athlete on the ground of his being a coach, would his receiving a salary for coaching also be receiving a salary indirectly for playing on the team? Or would that salary received for coaching be separate and distinct from his playing, and if he also complied with the rule as to his work in college would he be eligible to play? Here in the West, where it is the custom to hire an Eastern college man to train the teams, I do not believe it the proper thing for that man to play on the team he is coaching, as he is not a representative of the college.

"I regret to put you to any trouble in this matter, but assure you that if you can assist me in this matter it will be highly appreciated. Our association is young, and a false step now might lead to lasting trouble. We hope to in time take a prominent position in football, and follow in the footsteps of the parent association, the Intercollegiate, for in time we may be brought together, the East against the West, and unless our rules were alike, they might be a stumbling-block."

THE WITHDRAWAL OF ITS SUPPORT from the Southern Amateur Athletic Union by the Chattanooga Athletic Club, because the entry of Carey Spence, the Cleveland runner, was not accepted at the recent meeting, displayed ignorance and unsportsmanship. Spence competed in the A.A.U. Championships at Chicago, September 16th, for the Cleveland A.C., and the ruling is very plain on this point, that an athlete who has competed under the colors of one club cannot represent "any other club within three months in any case, and not within twelve months without the consent of his former club."

Ignorance was pardonable in the Chattanooga clubmen, but their unsportsmanlike action afterwards can hardly be overlooked. To have cancelled their entries because a sharp scheme to ring in a fast and imported man was unsuccessful did not show the kind of spirit that wins.

Football is now having a small boom in the South, of which New Orleans is the centre. Both the American A.C. and Gymnastic clubs are organizing teams for the first time, while the new college teams are Tulane, State University, Evergreen, University of Mississippi, and Southwestern Presbyterian College. Two of these are being instructed by a member of the faculty. Nowhere is the game doing more good for the physical welfare of young men.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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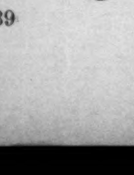


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